

A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS:
VIZ.

The TEMPLE of DEATH:

By the Marquis of NORMANBY.

An EPISTLE to the EARL of DORSET

By Charles Montague, Lord HALIFAX.

The DUEL of the STAGS:

By Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

WITH
Several Original POEMS,

Never before Printed,

BY

The E. of Roscommon.	}	Sir George Etherege.
The E. of Rochester,		Mr. Granville.
The E. of Orrery.		Mr. Stepney,
Sir Charles Sedley.		Mr. Dryden, &c.

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Wm. J. J. J.

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1

TO A
YOUNG LADY,
WITH THE
FIRST EDITION
OF THESE
Miscellanies.

A CCEPT this Gift, *Lucinda*, and approve
The humble Tribute of an early Love.
Verse is the fittest Offering we can give
To Beauty, or that Beauty can receive ;
For Love and Poesy Companions are,
And Wit was given to oblige the Fair.
Since 'tis *her Charms* alone that can inspire,
And fill the Poets breast with Heavenly fire ;

B

To

To a Young Lady.

To Offer at another Shrine, wou'd be
The highest pitch of gross Idolatry.
Men to those Deities they worship, bring
Of the same Gifts they gave an Offering :
To *Ceres Corn* we pay, to *Flora Flow'rs*,
Pomona has her *Fruit*, and *Verse* is Yours.

Here the Composer has employ'd his care,
To chuse what best might entertain the Fair,
And in one body skilfully unite
The scatter'd Beams of Poetry and Wit.
Here *just Roscommon* with full lustre shines ;
And easy Art informs his flowing Lines.
From Verse whilst tender *Mulgrave* seeks relief,
The mournful Graces wait upon his Grief.
Here *gentle Etheridge's* and *Sydley's Muse*
Warm the Coy Maid, and melting Love infuse :
No unchast Words with harsh offensive sound
The tender Ears of blushing Virgins wound,

Nor

Nor Thoughts, which nauseous Images inspire,
And damp the glowing heat of soft desire:
But calm and easy the sweet Numbers move,
And ev'ry Verse is influenc'd by Love.
Here, bright *Lucinda*, you'll with pleasure see
Perform'd, what Nature has *outdone* in Thee.
Nature (whom *We* a cruel Mother find,
But too indulgent to the *Female Kind*,)
Has with nice Art and a peculiar Care
Chose the Perfections of each charming Fair;
Aurelia's Judgment, and *Corinna's Wit*,
And *Chloe's Beauty* in *Lucinda* meet;
In thee their beams with pow'rful influence join,
And what was singly bright, united is Divine.
Oh! that *Lucinda* too wou'd but improve
The charms of Beauty, with the charms of Love;
'Tis that alone enslaves the *willing* mind,
And makes our Chains more sure, yet softer bind,
When Beauty *Smiles*, her Darts resistless are;
And the Fair Maid that's Kind, is doubly Fair.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
P O E T R Y :

By the Right Honourable the

M A R Q U I S of N O R M A N B Y .

O F things in which Mankind does most
excel,

Nature's chief Master-piece is *Writing* well ;

And of all sorts of Writing none there are

That can the least with *Poetry* compare :

No kind of work requires so *nice* a touch,

And if *well finish'd*, nothing shines so much ;

But

But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
'To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name ;
'Tis not a flash of *Fancy*, which sometimes
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes ;
Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done ;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun ;
Which tho sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number, and Rhime, and that harmonious
Sound,
Which never does the Ear with *Harshness*
wound,
Are necessary, yet but *vulgar Arts*,
For all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the Structure of the whole
Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul* ;
A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,
As that of *Nature* moves the World about ;
A *Heat* which glows in every word that's writ,
'Tis something of *Divine*, and more than *Wit* ;

It self unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.

Where dost thou dwell? What Caverns of the
Brain

Can such a vast, and mighty thing, contain?

When I, at idle hours, in vain thy absence
mourn,

O where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
return,

Sometimes with powerful Charms to hurry me
away

From *Pleasures* of the Night, and *Business* of the
Day?

Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain
To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein,
As all is *Dullness*, when the Fancy's bad,
So without *Judgment*, Fancy is but mad;
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the choice of *Words* or *Sense*,

But

But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men*;
Fancy is but the *Feather* of the *Pen*;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the
Heart.

Here I should all the various sorts of *Verse*,
And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse,
But who that *Task* can after *Horace* do?
The best of *Masters*, and *Examples* too!
Ecchoes at best, all we can say is vain,
Dull the *Design*, and fruitless were the pain;
'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with ease,
But who with that sad shift himself can please,
Without an *Astor's* pride: A *Player's* Art,
Is above his, who writes a *borrowed* part.
Yet *modern* *Laws* are made for *later* *Faults*,
And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts*;
What need has *Satyr* then to live on *Theft*,
When so much *fresh* occasion still is left?

Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,
 And Monsters, worse than ever *Nilus* breeds;
 But hold, the *Fools* shall have no cause to fear,
 Tis *Wit* and *Sense* that is the Subject here.
 Defects of witty Men *deserve* a Cure,
 And those who are so, will ev'n *this* endure.

First then of || SONGS, which now so much
 abound

Without his *Song* no Fop is to be found,
 A most offensive Weapon which he draws
 On all he meets against *Apollo's* Laws :
 Tho nothing seems more easie, yet no part
 Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer* Art ;
 For as in rows of *richest* Pearl there lies
 Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,
 The least of which *Defects* is plainly shewn
 In some *small Ring*, and brings the value down ;

So Songs should be to just *Perfection* wrought ;
Yet where can we see one without a Fault ;
Exact *Propriety* of Words and Thought ;
Expression easie, and the *Fancy* high,
Yet *that* not seem to creep, nor *this* to fly ;
No Words *transpos'd*, but in such order all,
As, tho hard wrought, may seem by chance to
fall.

Here, as in all things else, is most unfit
Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to Wit ;
Such *nauseous* Songs by a late Author made
Call an *unwilling* Censure on his *Shade*.
Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting
Joy,

Can shock the *chastest*, or the *nicest* cloy ;
But *obscene* Words, too gross to move Desire,
Like Heaps of Fewell do but *choak* the Fire.
On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,
But palls that Appetite he meant to raise.

Next, * *E L E G Y*, of *sweet*, but *solemn* Voice,
And of a *Subject* grave exacts the Choice,
The Praise of *Beauty*, *Valour*, *Wit* contains,
And there too oft despairing *Love* complains :
In vain alas, for who by *Wit* is mov'd ,
That *Phenix* she deserves to be belov'd ;
But *noisy Nonsense*, and such *Fops* as vex
Mankind, take most with that *fantastick* Sex.
This to the Praise of those who better knew ;
The *Many* raise the Value of the *Few*.
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
Women have drawn my wandring Thoughts
aside.

Their greatest Fault who in this kind have writ,
Is not Defect in Words, nor want of Wit ;
But should this Muse harmonious numbers
yield,
And every Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,

* *Elegy*.

If yet a just *Coherence* be not made
Between each Thought, and the whole *Moâc*,
laid

So *right*, that every *step* may *higher* rise,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the
Skies;

Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last ;
'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will,
But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with Skill,
No * *Panegyrick*, nor a || *Coopers-Hill*.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force
Are † *ODES*, the Muses most unruly Horse ;
That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no rest,
But foams at mouth, and moves like one *possess*.
The Poet here must be indeed inspired,
With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fired.

* Waller's.

|| Denham's.

† Pindarick Odes.

Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with *Nature* joyn'd the Rules of *Art*;
 But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Allay*
 To that *rich* Fancy, which can ne'er *decay*:
 Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
 The *Language* still must *soft* and *easy* run.
 These *Laws* may seem a little too severe,
 But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there;
 Which, tho' extravagant, this *Muse* allows,
 And makes the Work much easier than it shews.

* Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find
 To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
 SATYR well writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.
 'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,
 Without repeating Things said oft before.
 Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
 That stain a Beauty which so much we love.

Of well *chose* Words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the Subject *rough*;
This great Work must be more exactly made,
And *sharpest* Thoughts in *smoothest* Words convey'd :

Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only Business was to *rail*;
But human Frailty *nicely* to unfold,
Distinguishes a *Satyr* from a Scold.

Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down,
A Satyr's *Smile is sharper than his Frown*;
So, while you seem to *sight* some Rival Youth,
Malice it self may pass sometimes for Truth.

The * *Laureat* here may justly claim our Praise.
Crown'd by || *Mack-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;
Tho *prais'd* and *punish'd* for another's † Rhimes,
His own deserve as great Applause sometimes ;

* Mr. Dryden.

|| A famous Satyrical Poem of his.

† A Libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, tho intirely innocent of the whole matter.

But once his *Pegasus* has born *dead Weight*,
Rid by some *lumpish* Minister of State.
Here rest, my *Muse*, suspend thy Cares a while,
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil ;
And as some *Eagle* that designs to fly
A long *unwonted* Journey through the Sky,
Considers all the dangerous way before,
Over what *Lands* and *Seas* she is to soar,
Doubts her own Strength so far, and justly *fears*
That lofty Road of *Airy Travellers* ;
But yet incited by some fair Design,
That does her *Hopes* beyond her *Fears* incline,
Prunes every Feather, views her self with Care,
At last *resolv'd*, she cleaves the yielding Air,
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast
She *lessens* to us, and is *lost* at last.
So (but too weak for such a weighty thing)
The *Muse* inspires a sharper Note to sing ;
And why should Truth offend, when only told
To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Old*?

On then my Muse, adventrously engage
To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

The *Unities* of Action, Time, and Place,
Which if observed, give * PLAYS so great a
Grace,
Are, tho but little *practis'd*, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From *nicer* Faults to purge the present Age,
Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, SOLILOQUIES had need be few,
Extremely *short*, and spoke in *Passion* too ;
Our Lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the *Pit* their *Confidant*.
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us ;
Th' occasion should as *naturally* fall,
As when || *Bellarion* confesses all.

* *Plays*.

|| In *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

FIGURES of Speech, which Poets think
so fine,

Art's *needleless* Varnish to make Nature shine,
Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous Face,
And in *Descriptions* only claim a place.

But to make *Rage declaim*, and *Grief discourse*
From Lovers in despair *fine things to force*,
Must needs succeed; for who can chuse but pity
A *dying Hero* miserably *mitty*?

But, oh, the *Dialogues*, where jest, and mock
Is held up like a Rest at Shittle-cock!

Or else like Bells, eternally they chime,
They *sigh* in *Simile*, and *die* in *Rhime*.

What *Things* are these, who would be *Poets*
thought,

By *Nature* not inspir'd, nor *Learning* taught?
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better Course than this by which they *starve*;
But to write Plays! why 'tis a bold pretence
To *Judgment*, *Breeding*, *Wit*, and *Eloquence*;

Nay

Nay more ; for they must look within to find
 Those *secret Turns* of Nature in the mind ;
 Without this part in vain would be the whole,
 And but a Body all without a Soul :
 All this together yet is but a part
 Of Dialogue, that great and powerful Art,
 Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew
 From whence the *Romans fainter* Copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.
Plato and *Lucian* are the best Remains
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains ;
 Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,
Shakespear and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now.
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before,
 For tho in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our Passions still they so prevail,
 That our *own* Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep,
 The *Dull* are forc'd to feel, the *wise* to weep.

C

Their

Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults ;
First on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts ;
Turn it with time a thousand several Ways,
This oft alone has given success to Plays :
Reject that *vulgar Error* which appears
So fair, of making *perfect* Characters ;
There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A *faultless Monster*, which the World ne'er saw ;
Some *Faults* must be, that his Misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve Compassion too.
Besides the main Design compos'd with Art ,
Each *moving Scene* must be a *Plot* apart ;
Contrive each little *turn*, mark every place,
As *Painters* first *chalk* out the future Face ;
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where *shining* Thoughts
to place,
As what a Man would *say* in *such* a *Case*.

Neither

Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,
The *Player* too must be before your Eyes :
And tho 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your utmost meaning show.

Expose no single Fop, but lay the Load
More *equally*, and spread the Folly broad ;
The other way is *vulgar*, oft we see
A Fool *derided* by as bad as *he* ;
Hawks fly at *nobler* Game ; in this low way,
A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird* of *Prey* :
Ill Poets so will one poor Fop devour ;
But to *collect*, like *Bees* from every Flower,
Ingredients to *compose* that precious Juice,
Which serves the World for *Pleasure* and for
Use,
In spite of Faction this would Favour get :
But **Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakeſpear's*,

Another Fault which often does befall,
Is when the Wit of some great Poet shall
So *overflow*, that is, be none at all,
That all his Fools speak *Sense*, as if *possess*,
And each by *Inspiration* breaks his Jest;
If once the *Justness* of each part be lost,
Well we may laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.
That silly thing, Men call *Sheer-Wit*, avoid,
With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd;
Humour is all, *Wit* should be only brought
To turn agreeably some *proper* Thought.
But since the Poets we of late have known,
Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their *own*,
The better by *Example* to convince,
Cast but a View on this *wrong side* of *Sense*.

First a Soliloquy is *calmly* made,
Where every Reason is *exactly* weigh'd;

Which

Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
 A *Hero* frighted at the Noise of Drums
 For *her* sweet sake, whom at *first sight* he loves,
 And all in *Metaphor* his passion *proves* ;
 But some sad Accident, though yet unknown,
 Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone,
 He streight grows *jealous*, yet we know not why,
 And to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will *dye* ;
 But first he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells
 The *absent* Nymph how much his Flame excells,
 And yet bequeaths her *generously* now
 To that dear Rival whom he does not know,
 Who streight appears (but who can Fate with-
 stand?)

Too late alas to hold his hasty Hand,
 That just has given himself the cruel Stroke,
 At which this very *Stranger's* Heart is broke ;
 He more to his *new* Friend than Mistress kind,
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind,

Of such a Death prefers the pleasing *Charms*
To *Love*, and living in a Lady's Arms.

How shameful, and what monstrous things
are these?

And then they rail at those they cannot please,
Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*,
And grudge the Sign of old *Ben Johnson's*
Head ;

When the *intrinsic* Value of the Stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a *following* Age ;
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime
May keep up *sinking* Nonsense for a time.
But that may fail which now so much o'er-rules,
And *Sense* no longer will *submit* to Fools.

* By painful Steps we are at last got up
Parnassus Hill, on whose bright Airy Top

* Epick Poetry.

The *Epick Poets* so divinely show,
And with *just Pride* behold the rest below.
Heroick Poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost reach of human Sense,
A Work of such inestimable Worth,
There are but *two* the World has yet brought
forth,

Homer, and *Virgil* : with what awful sound
Do those meer words the Ears of Poets wound !
Just as a *Changeling* seems below the rest
Of Men, or rather as a two-legg'd Beast,
So these *Gigantick* Souls amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human kind
Natures whole strength *united* ! endless Fame,
And universal Shouts attend their Name.
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
For all things else appear so dull and poor,
Verses will seem *Prose*, yet *often* on him look,
And you will hardly need another Book.

Had * *Bossu* never writ, the World had still,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous Piece of
Skill,

As something of *Divine* the Work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be *Instructed*, but *Inspir'd*;
But he disclosing sacred *Mysteries*,
Has shewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies,
Describ'd the *Seeds* and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown;
Sure from some *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,
Who through this *Labyrinth* has given the
Clue!

But what, alas, avails it poor Mankind
To see this promis'd Land, yet stay behind?
The Way is shewn, but who has strength to go?
Who can all *Sciences* exactly know?
Whose *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason's* Sight,
And yet has *Judgment* to direct it right?

* A late Author.

Whose *just* Discernment, *Virgil*-like, is such,
Never to say too little, or too much?

Let such a Man begin without delay,

But he must do much more than I can say,

Must above *Cowley*, nay and *Milton* too pre-
vail,

Succeed where *great Torquato*, and our *greater*
Spencer fail.

T H E

THE
TEMPLE
OF
DEATH.

By the Right Honourable the
MARQUIS of NORMANBY.

A Translation out of *FRENCH*.

IN those cold Climates, where the Sun
appears

Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears;

A dreadful Vale lies in a Defart Isle,

On which indulgent Heaven did never smile.

There

There a thick Grove of Aged Cypress Trees,
Which none without an awful horror sees,
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-prefaging Birds receives:
Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Season there.
Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,
And springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield,
Whose streams oppress'd with Carcases and Bones,
Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,
Old as the World it self, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four Iron-Gates
Divide Mankind, by order of the Fates.
There come in Crouds, doom'd to one common
Grave,
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the
Slave.

Old

28 *The Temple of DEATH.*

Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most
deplores,

Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors ;
All clad in mournful Blacks, which also Load
The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode,
And Tapers of a pitchy substance made,
With Clouds of smoak increase the dismal
Shade.

A Monster, void of Reason and of Sight,
The Goddess is, who sways this Realm of Night.
Her Power extends o'er all things that have
breath,

A Cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.
The fairest Object of our wond'ring Eyes
Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice ;
Th' adjoining places where the Altar stood,
Yet blushing with the fair *Almeria's* Blood.
When griev'd *Orontes*, whose unhappy flame
Is known to all that e'er converse with Fame ;

His

His mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,
Within the Sacred Temple made this Prayer :
Great Deity ! Who in thy hands do'st bear
That rusty Scepter, which poor Mortals fear ;
Who wanting Eyes, thy self respectest none,
And neither spares the Laurel, nor the Crown !
Oh thou, whom all Mankind in vain with-
stands !

Each of whose Blood must one day stain thy
hands !

Oh thou, who every Eye, which sees the Light,
Closest again in an eternal Night !

Open thy Ears, and hearken to my Grief,
To which thy only power can give Relief :

I come not hither to prolong my Fate,
But wish my wretched Life a shorter date,
And that the Earth would in its Bowels hide
A wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side :
That from the sight of Day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my Love.

Thou

30 *The Temple of DEATH.*

Thou only Comforter of Minds oppress'd ;
 The Port, where wearied Spirits are at rest ;
 Conduſter to *Elyſium* ! Take my Life ;
 My Breaſt I offer to thy Sacred Knife :
 So juſt a Grace reſuſe not, nor deſpiſe
 A Willing, though a Worthleſs Sacrifice.
 Others, their frail and mortal State forgot,
 Before thy Altars are not to be brought
 Without conſtraint ; the noiſe of dying rage,
 Heaps of the Slain of every Sex and Age,
 The blade all reeking in the gore it ſhed,
 With ſever'd Heads and Arms confus'dly ſpread,
 The Rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,
 The Groans of Wretches ready to expire :
 This Tragick Scene makes them in Terror Live,
 Till that is forc'd, which they ſhould freely give,
 Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
 Their fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave.
 Before thy Face they make undecent moan,
 And feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one ;

The

The flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breast,
And he a Murtherer, who was a Priest;
His Hands profan'd in breaking Nature's Chain,
By which the Body does the Soul detain:
But against me thy strongest Forces call,
And on my Head let all the Tempest fall;
No shrinking back shall any weakness shew,
And calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My Limbs not trembling, in my mind no
fear,
Plaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.
Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
That universal Cure for every grief,
Whose aid so many Lovers oft have found,
With like success can ever heal my wound;
Too weak's the Power of Nature, or of Art;
Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart.
And that thou mayst behold my helpless state,
Learn the extreamest rigor of my Fate.

Amidst

Amidst th' innumerable beauteous Train,
Paris the Queen of Cities, does contain,
The fairest Town, the largest, and the best,
So fair *Almeria* shin'd above the rest.
From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
Was of our Youth the most ambitious aim ;
Her Chains were marks of Honour to the Brave,
She made a Prince when e'er she made a Slave.
Love under whose Tyrannick Power I groan,
Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown ;
Her tim'rous Charms, and her unpractis'd Look,
Their first assurance from my Conquest took ,
By wounding me, she learnt the fatal Art,
And the first sigh she had, was from My Heart ;
My Eyes with Tears moist'ning her snowy
Arms,

Render'd the Tribute owing to her Charms :
But as I soonest of all Mortals paid
My Vows, and to her Beauty Altars made ;

So

So among all those Slaves that sigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my Chain.
Love's heavy Burthen, my Submissive Heart
Endur'd not long, before she bore her part ;
My violent flame melted her frozen Breast,
And in soft Sighs her Pity she exprest ;
Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,
And her fair Hands Sustain'd me in my Chains ;
Even Tears of Pity waited on my Moan,
And tender Looks were cast on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were less mine, than
hers,
Those fill'd her Soul with Joys, and these with
Fears :
Our hearts united, had the same desires,
And both alike, burn'd in Impatient Fires.

Too Faithful Memory ! I give thee Leave
Thy wretched Master kindly to deceive ;

D

Make

34 *The Temple of DEATH.*

Make me not once possessor of her Charms ;
 Let me not find her Languish in my Arms ;
 Past Joys are now my Fancies mournful Theams ;
 Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams :
 Let not that Bliss before my Eyes be brought :
 Oh ! hide those Scenes from my tormenting
 Thought ;

And in their place, Disdainful Beauty shew,
 If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so ;
 And something to abate my deep Despair,
 Oh, let her seem less Gentle, or less Fair.
 But I in vain, flatter my wounded Mind,
 Never was Nymph so Lovely, or so Kind :
 No cold Répulses, my Desires suppress,
 I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* Breast ;
 Of all the Passions which Mankind destroy,
 I only felt excess of Love and Joy :
 Numberless Pleasures charm'd my Sense , and
 they
 Were as my Love, without the least Allay.

As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,
For like a pleasing Dream, they all are past.
From Heav'n her Beauty like fierce Light'ning
came,
Which breaks through Darkness with its Glori-
ous Flame,
A while it Shines, a while our Sight it cheers,
But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappears,
And thunder follows, whose resistless Rage,
None can withstand, and nothing can Assuage.
So oft the Light, which those bright flashes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.

When I had just begun Love's Joys to taste,
(Those full Rewards for Fears and Dangers
past)

A Fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest Work that ever Nature Wrought.
All things below, alas, uncertain stand ;
The firmest Rocks are fix'd upon the Sand ;

36 *The Temple of DEATH.*

Under this Law both Kings and Kingdoms bend
And no beginning is without an end.

A Sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all,
And at the Tyrant's Feet we daily fall :
Time, whose bold hand alike does bring to dust
Mankind, and all those Powers in which they
 trust.

Her waisted Spirits now begin to faint,
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains,
But yields at last to her resistless pains ;
Thus while the Fever am'rous of his Prey,
Through all her Veins makes his delightful way,
Her Fate's, like *Semile's*, the Flames destroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade ;
Her Skin has lost that Lustre which surpass
The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last ;

Her

Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts,
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
And sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.
The Fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails;
She, whose Disdain so many Lovers prove,
Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love,
And with loud Cries which rend the neighb'ring
Air,

Wounds my sad heart, and wakens my Despair.
Both Gods and Men I charge now with my loss,
And wild with Grief, my Thoughts each other
cross ;

My Heart and Tongue labour in both extreams,
That sends up slighted Prayers, while this
blasphemes :

I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
And mingle Sacrilege with Piety :

38 *The Temple of DEATH.*

But that which does yet more perplex my mind,
 To love her truly, I must seem unkind :
 So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,
 I must restrain unruly floods of Tears.
 My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling forms,
 I shew a calmness in the midst of Storms,
 I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,
 And almost dead with grief, discover none.
 But who can long deceive a Loving Eye,
 Or with dry Eyes behold his Mistress die ;
 When Passion had with all its terrors brought
 Th' approaching danger nearer to my Thought,
 Off on a sudden, fell the forc'd disguise,
 And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping Eyes,
 My apprehensions now no more confin'd,
 Expos'd my Sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
 The Fair Afflicted, soon perceives my Tears,
 Explains my Sighs , and thence concludes my
 Fears ;

With

With sad Presages of her hopeless Case,
She reads her Fate in my dejected Face ;
Then, feels my Torment, and neglects her own,
While I am sensible of hers alone ;
Each does the others burden kindly bear,
I fear her Death, and she bewails my Fear ;
Though we thus suffer under Fortune's Darts,
'Tis only those of Love which reach our Hearts.
Mean-while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,
Grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears :
Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
Like Wind and Oyl increase the fatal fire.

Almeria, then, feeling the Destinies
About to shut her Lips, and close her Eyes,
Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling Hand,
And with these words, I scarce could under-
stand ;
Her Passion in a dying Voice express'd
Half, and her Sighs alas, made out the rest.

40 *The Temple of DEATH.*

'Tis past; this Pang, Nature gives o'er the
strife;

Thou must thy Mistress Lose, and I my Life;

I dye, but dying thine, the Fates may prove

Their Conquest over me, but not my Love;

Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,

In spite of Death it self, shall still remain:

Ah! Dear *Orontes*, my hard Fate denies

That hope is the last thing which in us dies:

From my griev'd Breast all those soft Thoughts
are fled,

And Love survives, although my Hope is dead;

I yield my Life, but keep my Passion yet,

And can all thoughts but of *Orontes* quit;

My flame increases as my strength decays,

Death, which puts out the light, the heat does
raise;

That still remains, though I from hence remove,

I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.

The

The Temple of DEATH. 41

The Sigh, which sent forth that last tender word,
Up towards the Heaven's like a bright *Meteor*
soar'd,

And the kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms,
Fell cold and breathless in her Lover's Arms ;
Which shews, since Death could deny him relief.
That 'tis in vain we hope to die with grief.

Goddeſs, who now my Fate has understood,
Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood ;
Here let me end the Story of my Cares,
My Dismal Grief enough the rest declares.
Judge thou by all this Misery display'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid :
Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws,
And my sad wishes have too just a Cause.

Come, then, my only hope ; in every place
Thou viſiteſt, Men tremble at thy Face,

And

And fear thy Name ; once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a Swain, that does the blow demand.
Vouchsafe thy Dart : I need not one of those,
With which thou dost unwilling Kings depose ;
Thy weakest, my desir'd release can bring,
And free my Soul already on her wing.
But since all Prayers and Tears are vain, I'll try,
If, spite of thee, 'tis possible to die.

A

PARAPHRASE

On the CXLVIII.

PSALM.

By the Earl of Roscommon.

O Azure Vaults! O Crystal Sky!
The World's transparent Canopy,
Break your long silence, and let Mortals know,
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who Conquer whereso'er you are,

Let

44 *A Paraphrase on Psalm 148.*

Let Ecchoing Anthems make his Praises known
On Earth, his Footstool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of All, whose Glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day.

O praise his Name, without whose purer Light,
Thou hadst been hid in an Abyss of Night:

Ye Moon and Planets who dispence,
By God's Command your Influence.

Resign to him, as your Creator, due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you;
Fairest, as well as first of things,
From whom all Joy, all Beauty springs.

O praise the Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who useth thee for his Empyrean Robe:

Praise him ye loud harmonious Spheres,
Whose Sacred Stamp all Nature bears.

Who

Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,
And whose Command is th' universal Law ;
Ye wat'ry Mountains of the Sky,
And you so far above our Eye.

Vast ever-moving Orbs, Exalt his Name,
Who gave its being to your Glorious Frame :
Ye Dragons, whose Contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,

Change your fierce hissing into joyful Song,
And praise your Maker with your forked Tongue.
Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep.
That in the Seas vast Bosoms sleep,

At whose Command the foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits, Tremble, and Adore
Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow,
And you who through the Concave blow.

Swift

Swift Executors of his holy Word, (Lord
Whirlwinds and Tempest praise the Almighty
Mountains, who to your Maker's View
Seem less than Mole-Hills do to you,

Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,
All Heaven was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke:
Praise him sweet Off-spring of the Ground,
With Heavenly Nectar yearly Crown'd.

And ye tall Cedars, celebrate his Praise.
That in his Temple Sacred Altars raise:
Idle Musicians of the Spring,
Whose only care's to Love and Sing,

Fly thro the world, and let your trembling Throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest Note.
Praise him each Salvage Furious Beast,
That on his Stores do daily feast.

And

And you tame Slaves of the Laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow :

Majestick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,
Whose Power hath here no Periods :

May all Attempts against your Crown be vain,
But still remember by whose power you Reign :

Let the wide World his Praises sing,
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* spring,

And from the *Danube* frosty Banks, to those,
Where from an unknown head great *Nilus* flows
You that dispose of all our Lives,
Praise him from whom your power derives.

Be True and Just, like him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praise him old Monuments of Time,
O praise him in your Youthful prime.

Praise

Praise him fair Idols of our greedy Sence,
 Exalt his Name, sweet Age of Innocence :
 Jehovah's Name shall only last,
 When Heaven, Earth, and all is past.

Nothing, Great God, is to be found in Thee,
 But Unconceivable Eternity :
 Exalt, O *Jacob's* Sacred Race,
 The God of Gods, the God of Grace,

Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,
 And with his Glory, Recompence your Praise.

TO
ORINDA.
An Imitation of
HORACE.

By the Earl of Roscommon.

Integer vita, &c.

Carm. Lib. 1. Od. 22.

I.

Virtue (Dear Friend) needs no defence
No Arms, but its own Innocence ;
Quivers, and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

E

II.

II.

An honest mind, safely alone
May travel through the burning Zone,
Or through the deepest *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

III.

While (rul'd by a resistless fire)
Our Great *ORINDA* I Admire.
The hungry Wolves that see me stray
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever *Neptune* did embrace,
When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helison is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Lybian* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of *ORINDA's* Name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

THE
GROVE.

By the same Author.

AH happy Grove ! Dark and secure retreat,
Of Sacred silence, Rest's eternal Seat ;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade,
Suits with the chaste retirements of a Maid.
Oh ! If kind Heaven had been so much my friend,
To make my Fate upon my choice depend ;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elysium* should be mine.
Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those Idols which their fancy made ;

Purchasing

Purchasing Riches, with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded Snare ;
And having all, all to our selves, refuse,
Opprest with Blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood ;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize;
And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty dies.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more.
How happy is the harmless Country Maid,
Who rich by Nature, scorns superfluous aid !
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
But like her Soul, preserves the Native White ;
Whose little Store, her well taught Mind does
 please,
Not pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton
 ease,
Who free from Storms, which on the Great Ones
Makes but few Wishes and enjoys them all ; (fall,

No care but Love can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best.
Whil'st on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does
lie,

Our happy Lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,
Under some favourite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They speak their Passions in repeated Vows:
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns.
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie
And whilst they Live, their flames can never die.

THE

THE
DUEL
OF THE
STAGS.

Written by the Honourable
Sir *ROBERT HOWARD*.

IN *Windsor* Forest, before War destroy'd
The harmless Pleasures which soft Peace
enjoy'd ;

A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Herd,
By all his Savage Slaves obey'd, and fear'd :

56 *The Duel of the STAGS.*

And while the Troops about their Sovereign fed,
They watch'd the awful nodding of his Head.
Still as he passeth by, they all remove,
Proud in Dominion, Prouder in his Love :
[And while with Pride and Appetite he swells ;]
He courts no chosen object, but compels :
No Subject his lov'd Mistress dares deny,
But yields his hopes up to his Tyranny.

Long had this Prince imperiously thus sway'd,
By no set Laws, but by his Will obey'd,
His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
Admire his strength, and dare not use their own.

One Subject most did his suspicion move,
That show'd least Fear, and counterfeited Love ;
In the best Pastures by his side he fed,
Arm'd with two large Militia's on his head :
As if he practis'd Majesty he walk'd,
And at his Nod, he made not haste, but stalk'd.

By

The Duel of the STAGS. 57

By his large shade, he saw how great he was,
And his vast Layers on the bended Grass.
His thoughts as large as his proportion grew,
And judg'd himself, as fit for Empire too.
Thus to Rebellious hopes he swell'd at length,
Love and Ambition growing with his strength.
This hid Ambition his bold Passion shows,
And from a Subject to a Rival grows.
Sollicites all his Princes fearful Dames,
And in his sight Courts with rebellious flames.

The Prince sees this with an inflamed Eye,
But looks are only signs of Majesty :
When once a Prince's Will meets a restraint,
His Power is then esteem'd but his Complaint.
His Head then shakes, at which th' affrighted
Herd

Start to each side ; his Rival not afar'd,
Stands by his Mistress side, and stirs not thence,
But bids her own his Love, and his Defence.

The

58 *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

The Quarrel now to a vast height is grown,
Both urg'd to fight by Passion, and a Throne;
But Love has most excuse; for all, we find,
Have Passions, tho' not Thrones alike assign'd.
The Sovereign Stag shaking his loaded head,
On which his *Scepters* with his *Arms* were spread,
Wisely by Nature, there together fix'd,
Where with the Title, the Defence was mixt.
The pace which he advanc'd with to engage,
Became at once his Majesty, and Rage:
T'other stands still with as much confidence,
To make his part seem only his defence.

Their heads now meet, and at one blow each
strikes

As many strokes, as if a Rank of Pikes
Grew on his Brows, as thick their Antlets stand,
Which every Year kind Nature does disband.
Wild Beasts sometimes in peace and quiet are,
But Man no season frees from Love or War.

With

With equal strength they met, as if two Oaks
Had fell, and mingled with a thousand strokes.
One by Ambition urg'd, t'other Disdain,
One to Preserve, the other fought to Gain :
The Subjects and the Mistresses stood by,
With Love and Duty to crown Victory :
For all Affections wait on prosperous Fame,
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets shame.

While thus with equal Courages they meet,
The wounded Earth yields to their struggling
Feet ;

And while one slides, t'other pursues the Fight,
And thinks that forc't Retreat looks like a
Flight :

But then asham'd of his Retreat, at length
Drives his Foe back, his Rage renews his
strength.

60 *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

As even Weights into a motion thrown,
By equal turns, drive themselves up and down ;
So sometimes one, then t'other Stag prevails,
And Victory, yet doubtful, holds the Scales.

The Prince asham'd to be oppos'd so long,
With all his strength united rushes on ;
The Rebel weaker, than at first appears,
And from his Courage sinks unto his Fears.
Not able longer to withstand his might,
From a Retreat at last steals to a Flight.
The mighty Stag pursues his flying Foe,
Till his own pride of Conquest made him slow ;
Thought it enough to scorn a thing that flies,
And only now pursu'd him with his Eyes.

The Vanquish'd as he fled, turn'd back his
fight,
Asham'd to flie, and yet afraid to fight :

Some.

Sometimes his Wounds, as his excuse survey'd,
Then fled again, and then look'd back and stay'd:
Blush't that his Wounds so slight should not deny
Strength for a fight, that left him strength to lie.
Calls thoughts of Love and Empire to his aid,
But Fears more powerful than all those persuade,
And yet in spite of them retains his shame,
His Cool'd ambition, and his half-quench'd flame,
There's none from their own sense of shame can
lie,
And dregs of Passions dwell with misery.

Now to the shades he bends his feeble course,
Despis'd by those that once admir'd his force:
The Wretch that to a scorn'd Condition's thrown,
With the World's favour, loses too his own.

While fawning Troops their Conquering
Prince enclos'd,
Now render'd absolute by being oppos'd;

Princes

62 *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

Princes by Disobedience get Command,
And by new quench'd Rebellions firmer stand
Till by the boundless offers of success,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd happiness.

The Vanquish't Stag to thickest shades repairs,
Where he finds safety punish't with his cares ;
Thorough the Woods he rushes not, but glides,
And from all searches but his own he hides ;
Asham'd to live, unwilling yet to lose
That wretched life he knew not how to use.

In this Retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,
Till with his Wounds, his Fears were almost
heal'd ;

His ancient Passions now began to move,
He thought again of Empire and of Love :
Then rous'd himself, and stretch'd at his full
length,
Took the large measure of his mighty strength ;
Then

The Duel of the S T A G S. 63

Then shook his loaded Head ; the shadow too,
Shook like a Tree, where leaveless Branches
grew :

Stooping to drink, he sees it in the Streams,
And in the Woods hears clashing of his Beams ;
No accident but does alike proclaim
His growing strength, and his encreasing shame.

Now once again, resolves to try his Fate,
(For Envy always is importunate ;)
And in the mind perpetually does move,
A fit Companion for unquiet Love.
He thinks upon his Mighty Enemy.
Circl'd about with Pow'r and Luxury.
And hop'd his strength might sink in his desires,
Remembring he had wasted in such Fires.
Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,
He wish'd the others fatal joys his own.

Thus the unquiet Beast in safety lay,
Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey ;

Where

64 *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

Where he alone Commanded, and was Lord
Of every Bounty Nature did afford,
Chose Feasts for every Arbitrary sense,
An Empire in the state of Innocence.

But all the Feasts Nature before him plac't,
Had but faint relishes to his lost taste,
Sick Minds, like Bodies in a Fever spent,
Turn Food to the Disease, not Nourishment.

Sometimes he stole abroad, and shrinking
stood,
Under the shelter of the friendly Wood ;
Casting his envious Eyes towards those Plains
Where with Crown'd Joys, his Mighty Rival
Reigns.

He saw th' obeying Herd marching along,
And weigh'd his Rival's Greatness by the Throng.
Want takes false Measures, both of Power, and
Joys,
And envy'd Greatness is but Crowd, and Noise.
Not

Not able to endure this hated fight,
Back to the Shades he flies to seek out Night.
Like Exiles from their Native Soils, though sent
To better Countries, think it Banishment.
Here he enjoy'd what t'other could have there,
The Woods are shady, and the Streams as Clear,
The Pastures more untainted where he fed,
And every Night chose out an unprest Bed.

But then his lab'ring Soul with Dreams was
prest,
And found the greatest weariness in Rest ;
His dreadful Rival in his sleep appears,
And in his Dreams again, he fights and fears :
Shrinks at the strokes of t'others Mighty Head,
Feels every wound, and dreams how fast he fled.
At this he wakes, and with his fearful Eyes,
Salutes the Light, that Fleet the *Eastern* Skies,
Still half amaz'd, looks round, and held by fear,
Scarce can Believe no Enemy was near.

F

But

66 *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

But when he saw his heedless fears were brought
Not by a Substance, but a drowsie Thought,
His ample sides he shakes, from whence the
Dew

In scatter'd Showers like driven Tempests flew.
At which, through all his Breast new boldness
spread,

And with his Courage, rais'd his Mighty Head.
Then by his Love inspir'd, resolves to try
The Combat now, and overcome, or die.
Every weak Passion sometimes is above
The fear of Death, much more the Noblest Love.
By Hope 'tis scorn'd, and by despair 'tis fought,
Pursu'd by Honour and by Sorrow brought.

Resolv'd the paths of danger now to tread,
From his scorn'd shelter, and his fears, he fled.
With a brave haste now seeks a second Fight,
Redeems the base one by a Noble Flight.

In

In the mean time, the Conqueror enjoy'd
That Power by which he was to be destroy'd.
How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see,
That Fate which waits on Power, and Victory.

Thus he securely Reign'd, when in a Rout
He saw th' affrighted Herd flying about ;
As if some Huntsmen did their Chace Pursue,
About themselves in scatter'd Rings they flew,
He like a careful Monarch, rais'd his Head,
To see what Cause that strange disturbance bred.

But when the searcht-out Cause appear'd no
more,
Than from a Slave, he had o'ercome before,
A bold disdain did in his Looks appear,
And thook his Aweful Head to chide their Fear.
The Herd afraid of Friend and Enemy,
Shrink from the one, and from the other Fly ;

68 *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

They scarce know which they should Obey, or
Trust,
Since Fortune only makes it Safe and Just.

Yet in Despight of all his Pride, he staid,
And this unlook't for Chance with Trouble
weigh'd,

His Rage, and his Contempt alike, swell'd high,
And only fear'd his Enemy should Fly;
He thought of former Conquest, and from
thence
Cozen'd himself into a Confidence.

T'other that saw his Conqueror so near,
Stood still and list'ned to a whisp'ring fear;
From whence he heard his Conquest, and his
Shame;
But new-born Hopes his ancient Fears o'recame.

The

The Mighty Enemies now meet at length,
With equal Fury, though not equal Strength,
For now, too late, the Conqueror did find,
That all was wasted in him but his Mind,
His Courage in his Weakness yet prevails.

As a bold Pilot steers with tatter'd Sails,
And Cordage crackt, directs no steady Course,
Carry'd by Resolution, more than Force.

Before his once scorn'd Enemy he reels,
His Wounds encreasing with his Shame, he
feels

The others Strength, more from his Weakness
grows,

And with one furious push, his Rival throws.

So a tall Oak, the pride of all the Wood,
That long th' Assault of several Storms hath
stood ;

70 *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

Till by a Mighty Blast more pow'rfully push't,
His Root's torn up, and to the Earth he rush't.

Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there
Grew,

Once, all his Power, and all his Title too ;
Unable now to rise, and less to Fight,
He rais'd those Scepters to demand his Right.
But such weak Arguments prevail with none,
To plead their Titles, when their Power is
gone.

His Head now sinks, and with it all defence,
Not only rob'd of Power, but Pretence.
Wounds upon Wounds, the Conqueror still
gives.

And thinks himself unsafe, while t'other Lives :
Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
Fortune does seldom lay 'em gently down.

Now

Now to the most scorn'd Remedy he flies,
And for some Pity seems to move his Eyes,
Pity, by which the best of Virtue's try'd,
To wretched Princes ever is deny'd,
There is a Debt to Fortune, which they pay
For all their Greatness, by no Common way.

The flatt'ring Troops unto the Victor fly,
And own his Title to his Victory ;
The Faith of most, with Fortune does
decline,
Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design.

The Victor now, proud in his great success,
Hastes to enjoy his fatal Happiness ;
Forgot his Mighty Rival was destroy'd
By that, which he so fondly now enjoy'd.

72 *The Duel of the S T A G S.*

In Passions, thus Nature her self enjoys,
Sometimes Preserves, and then again destroys ;
Yet all Destruction which Revenge can move,
Time or Ambition, is supply'd by Love.

T O

T O
C E L I A.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

YOU tell me, *Celia*, you approve,
Yet never must return my love ;
An answer that my hope destroys,
And in the Cradle wounds our joys.
To kill at once what needs must die,
None would to Birds and Beasts deny.
How can you then so cruel prove,
As to preserve and torture Love ?
That Beauty Nature kindly meant
For her own Pride, and our Content ;

Why

Why shou'd the Tyrant Honour make
Our greatest torment ? Let us break
His Yoke, and that base power disdain,
Which only keeps the good in pain.
In Love and War th' Impostor do's
The best to greatest harms expose.
Come then, my *Celia*, let's no more
This Devil, for a God adore.
Like foolish *Indians* we have been,
Whose whole Religion is a sin.
If we the Laws of Love had kept,
And not in Dreams of Honour slept,
He would have surely, long e're this,
Have Crown'd us with the highest Bliss ;
Our Joy had then been as compleat,
As now our Folly has been great.
Let's lose no time then, but repent,
Love welcomes best a Penitent.

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

By the same Author.

T*Hyrfis*, I wish as well as you,
 To Honour there were nothing due:
 Then would I pay my debt of Love
 In the same Coin that you approve;
 Which now you must in Friendship take,
 'Tis all the Payment I can make;
 Friendship so high, that I must say,
 'Tis rather Love with some allay.
 And rest contented, since that I
 As well my self as you deny.
 Learn then of me bravely to bear
 The want of what you hold most dear;
 And that which Honour does in me,
 Let my Example work on thee.

T O

T O
C E L I A.

By the same Author.

P*Rinces* make Laws, by which their Subjects
live,

And the high Gods, Rules for their Worship give.

How should poor Mortals else a Service find

At all proportion'd to their mighty Mind?

Had it been left to us, each one would bring

Of what he lik'd himself, an Offering;

And with unwelcome Zeal, perhaps, displease

Th' offended *Deity* he would appease.

All Powers but thine, this Mercy do allow,

And how they would be serv'd themselves do

shew.

A rude

A rude *Barbarian* wou'd his Captiv'd Foe
 Fully instruct in what he'd have him do.
 And can it be, my *Celia*, that Love
 Less kind than War should to the vanquish'd
 prove.

Say, cruel Fair, then, would you that my flame
 Shou'd for a while move under Friendship's
 Name;

Or may it boldly, like it self appear,
 And its own Tale deliver to your Ear?
 Or must it in my tortur'd Bosom live,
 Like Fire in quiet Flints, and no Light give:
 And only then humbly send forth a small
 Spark, when your self does on that subject fall?
 My Passion can with any Laws comply,
 And for your sake do any thing, but Die.

T O
C H L O R I S.

By the same Author.

C*Hloris*, I justly am betray'd
By a Design my self had laid ;
Like an old Rook, whom in his Cheat,
A Run of Fortune does defeat.
I thought at first with a small sum
Of Love, thy heap to overcome ;
Presuming on thy want of Art,
Thy gentle and unpractis'd Heart.
But naked Beauty can prevail,
Like open force, when Plots do fail.
Instead of that thou hast all mine,
And I have not one Stake of thine :

And

And, like all Winners, do'st discover
A willingness to give me over.

And though I beg, thou wilt not now;
'Twere better thou should'st do so too:

For I so far in Debt shall run,
Even thee I shall be forc't to shun.

My Hand, alas, is no more mine,
Else it had long ago been thine:

My Heart I give thee, and we call
No Man unjust that parts with all.

What a Priest says, moves not the mind,
Souls are by Love, not Words, combin'd.

*To a Lady, who told him he could
not Love.*

By the same Author.

MAdam, though meaner Beauties might,
Perhaps have need of some such slight ;
Who to excuse their Rigor, must
Say they our Passions do mistrust,
And that they wou'd more pity shew,
Were they but sure our Loves were true.
You shou'd those petty Arts despise,
Secure of what is once your Prize.
We to our Slaves no Fraud address,
But as they are, our Minds express.
Tell me not then I cannot Love,
Say, rather, you it ne'r can move ;
Who can no more doubt of your Charms,
Than I resist such pow'rful Arms :

Whose

Whose numerous force that I withstood
So long, was not through any hope I cou'd
Escape their pow'r ; but through despair,
Which oft makes Courage out of fear.
I trembling saw how you us'd those
Who tamely yielded without blows :
Had you but one of all them spar'd,
I might, perhaps, have been ensnar'd,
And not have thus, e're I did yeld,
Call'd Love's whole Force into the Field.
Yet now I'm Conquer'd, I will prove
Faithful as they that never strove.
All flames in matter, where too fast
They do not seize, the longer last.
Then blame not mine for moving slow,
Since all things durable are so.
The Oak that's for three hundred Years
Design'd, in growing one out-wears:
Whilst Flowers for a Season made
Quickly spring up, and quickly fade.

T O
C H L O R I S.

By the same Author.

C*Hloris*, you live ador'd by all,
And yet on none your Favours fall.
A stranger Mistress ne'er was known,
You pay us all in Paying none.
We him of Avarice accuse,
Who what he has, does fear to use.
But what Disease of Mind shall I
Call this thy hated Penury?
Thou wilt not give out of a store,
Which no Profuseness can make poor.
Misers, when Dead, may make amends;
And in their Wills enrich their Friends.

But

But when thou Dy'st, thy Treasure dies,
And thou canst leave no Legacies.
What Madneſs is it then to ſpare,
When we want power to make an Heir ?
Live *Chloris* then at the full rate,
Of thy great Beauty ; and ſince Fate
To Love, and Youth, is ſo ſevere,
Enjoy 'em freely while th'art here.
Some caution yet I'de have thee uſe,
When e're thou doſt a Servant chuſe.
We are not all for Lovers fit,
No more than Arms or Arts or Wit.
For Wiſdom ſome reſpected are,
Some we ſee pow'rful at the Bar ;
Some for Preferment waſte their time,
And the ſteep Hill of Honour climb ;
Others of Love their buſineſs make,
In Love their whole Diverſion take.
Take one of thoſe, for in one Breſt
Two Paſſions live but ill at reſt :

And even, of them, I'd have thee fly
All that take flame at every Eye.
All those that light and faithless are,
All that dare more than think thee fair.
Take one of Love who nothing says,
And yet whom every word betrays.
Love in the Cradle pretty shews,
And when't can speak, unruly grows.

THE

THE PICTURE.

In Imitation of
ANACREON'S BATHILLUS.

By the Right Honourable the
MARQUIS of NORMANEY.

THou Flatterer of all the Fair,
Come, with all your skill, and care,
Draw me such a Shape, and Face,
As your Flatt'ry would disgrace.
Wish not that she would appear,
'Tis well for you she is not here;
Scarce can you with safety see
All her Charms describ'd by me,

Who, alas, have found too well ;
What a power does in them dwell ;
I, alas, the danger know,
I, alas, have felt the Blow ;
Mourn, as lost, my former Days,
That did not sing of *Celia's* praise ;
And those few that are behind
I shall bless'd or wretched find,
Only just as she is kind.

With her tempting Eyes begin,
Eyes that might draw Angels in
To a second sweeter sin.
Oh, those wanton rowling Eyes !
At each glance a Lover dies :
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.

Next, draw her Forhead, then her Nose,
And Lips just opening, which disclose

Teeth

Teeth so white, and Breath so sweet,
So much Beauty, so much Wit,
To our very Soul they strike,
All our Senses pleas'd alike ;

But so pure a white and red
Never never can be said ;
What are words in such a case ?
What is paint to such a Face ?
How should either Art avail us ?
Fancy here it self will fail us.

In her Looks, and in her Mien
Such a graceful Air is seen,
That if you with all your Art
Can but reach the smallest part,
Next to her, the Matchless She,
We shall wonder most at Thee.

Then, her Neck, and Breasts, and Hair,
And her---- but my Charming Fair
Does in a thousand things excel,
Which I must not, dare not tell.

How go on then? Oh, I see
A Lovely *Venus* drawn by Thee;
Oh how fair She does appear!
Touch it only here and there;
Make her yet seem more Divine,
Your *Venus* then may look like mine,
Whose bright form, if once you saw,
You by her would *Venus* draw.

T O A

Coquet Beauty.

By the same Author.

FROM Wars and Plagues come no such
harms,
As from a Nymph so full of Charms,
So much sweetness in her Face,
In her Motions such a Grace.
In her kind inviting Eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies,
That we please our selves too soon,
And are with vain hopes undone.

After

After all her softness, we
Are but Slaves, while she is free ?
Free, alas, from all desire,
Except to set the World on fire.

Thou, fair Dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thy self as well as us ;
Like Ambitious Monarchs, thou
Would'st rather force Mankind to bow.
And venture o'er the World to roam,
Than govern with content at home,
But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my Pen,
One hour of Love's Delights outweighs
Whole Years of Universal Praise,
And one Adorer kindly us'd,
Is of more use, than Crowds refus'd.

For

For what does Youth and Beauty serve?
Why more than all your Sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring Arts
To charm our Eyes, and melt our Hearts?
By our loss, you nothing gain,
Unless you love, you please in vain.

S O N G

SONG.

By the same Author.

FROM all uneasy Passions Free,
 Revenge, Ambition, Jealousie,
 Contented I had been too blest,
 If Love and You would let me Rest.
 Yet that Dull Life I now Despise ;
 Safe from your Eyes,
 I fear'd no Griefs, but, Oh, I found no Joys.

Amidst a thousand soft Desires,
 Which Beauty moves, and Love Inspires ;
 I feel such pangs of Jealous Fear,
 No heart so kind as mine can bear.
 Yet I'll defie the worst of harms ;
 Such are those Charms,
 'Tis worth a Life, to Die within your Arms.

The

*The Parting of Hector with his Princess
Andromache, and only Son Astyanax,
when he went upon his last Expedition, in
which he was Slain by Achilles.*

Done out of the *Greek* of *Homer*, *Iliad* 6.

By Knightly Chetwood.

H*ector*, though warn'd by an approaching
Cry,

That to *Troy* Walls the Conqu'ring *Greeks* drew
nigh ;

T' his Princess one short Visit pays in haste,

Some *Demon* told him this would be his *last* :

Her (swiftly passing through the spacious Streets)

He nor at home, nor in the *Circle* meets,

Nor

94 *Hector's Farewel to Andromache.*

Nor at * *Minerva's*, where the Beauteous Train
Made *Prayers* and *Vows* to *angry Powers* in *vain*.
She, half distracted with the loud Alarms,
(The Prince was carry'd in his Nurse's Arms)
Runs to a Turret, whose commanding height
Presented all the Battle to her sight,
Advancing *Grecians*, and the *Trojans* flight. }
Here *Hector* finds her, with a Lover's Pace
She speeds, and breathless sinks in his Embrace ;
The Nurse came after with her Princely Care,
As *Hesperus* fresh, promising, and fair,
Hector in little, with paternal Joy
He blest in *silent* Smiles the lovely Boy.
The Princess, at his sight compos'd again,
Pressing his Hand, do's *gently* thus complain :

*My Dearest Lord, believe a careful Wife,
You are too lavish of your precious Life.*

* The Temple of *Minerva*.

Hector's Farewel to Andromache. 95

*You formost into every danger run,
Of me regardless, and your little Son.
Shortly the Greeks, what none can singly do,
Will compass, pointing all the War at you.
But before that day comes (Heavens) may I have
The mournful Privilege of an early Grave!
For I, of your dear Company bereft,
Have no Reserve, no second Comfort left.
My Father, who did in Cilicia Reign,
By fierce Achilles was in Battle Slain:
His Arms that Savage Conqueror durst not spoil,
But paid just Honours to his Funeral Pile:
Wood-Nymphs about his Grave have planted since
A rural Monument to a mighty Prince:
Seven Brothers, who seven Legions did Command,
Had the same Fate, from the same murdering hand.
My Mother too, who their sad Heir did reign,
With a vast Treasure was Redeem'd in vain;
For she soon clos'd her Empire, and her Breath,
By Wretches last good fortune--- Sudden Death.*

Thus

96 *Hector's Farewel to Andromache.*

*Thus Father, Mother, Brethren, all is gone,
But they seem all alive in you alone.*

*To gain you, those Endearments I have sold,
And like the Purchase--- if the Title hold.
Have pity then, here in this Tower abide,
And round the Walls and Works your Troops divide.
But now the Greeks, by both their Generals led,
Ajax, Idomeneus, Diomedé,
With all their most experienc'd Chiefs, and brave,
Three fierce Attacks upon the Out-works gave;
Some God their Courage to this pitch did raise,
Or this is one of Troy's unlucky Days.*

*Hector reply'd, This you have said and more,
I have revolv'd in serious Thoughts before,
But I not half so much those Grecians fear,
As Carpet-Knights, State Dames, and Flatterers
here.*

*For they, if ever I decline the Fight,
Miscall wise Conduct Cowardise and Flight;*

Others

Hector's Farewel to Andromache. 97

*Others may methods chuse the most secure,
My Life no middle Courses can endure.
Urg'd by my own, and my great Father's Name,
I must add something to our ancient Fame.
Embarqu'd in Ilium's Cause, I cannot fly,
Will Conquer with it, or must for it die :
But still some boding Genius does portend
To all my Toils an unsuccessful end,
For how can Man with heavenly Powers contend?
The Day advances with the swiftest pace,
Which Troy, and all her Glories, shall deface,
Which Asia's sacred Empire shall confound,
And these proud Towers lay level with the ground :
But all compar'd with you does scarce appear,
When I presage your case, I learn to fear :
When you by some proud Conqu'ror shall be led
A mournful Captive to a Master's Bed.
Perhaps some haughty Dame your hands shall doom,
To Weave Troy's Downfal, in a Grecian Loom.*

98 *Hector's Farewel to Andromache.*
Or lower yet, you may be forc'd to bring
Water to Argos, from Hiperia's Spring ;
And as you measure out the tedious way,
Some one shall, pointing to his Neighbour, say,
See to what Fortune Hector's Wife is brought,
That famous General, that for Ilium fought.
This will renew your Sorrows without end,
Depriv'd in such a Day, of such a Friend.
But this is Fancy, or before it I
Low in the Dust will with my Country lie.

Then to his Infant he his Arms addrest,
The Child clung, crying, to his Nurse's Breast, }
Scar'd at the burnish'd Arms, and threat'ning }
Crest.

This made them smile , whilst *Hector* doth
unbrace

His shining Helmet, and disclos'd his Face :
Then dancing the pleas'd Infant in the Air,
Kiss'd him, and to the Gods conceiv'd this Prayer:
Jove,

!

Hector's Farewel to Andromache. 99

Jove, and you Heavenly Powers, whoever hear
Hector's Request with a Propitious Ear,
Grant, this my Child in Honour and Renown
May equal me, wear, and deserve the Crown :
And when from some great Action he shall come
Laden with Hostile Spoils in Triumph home,
May Trojans say, Hector great things hath done,
But is surpass'd by his Illustrious Son.
This will rejoyce his tender Mother's Heart,
And sense of Joy to my pale Ghost impart.

Then in the Mother's Arms he puts the Child,
With troubl'd Joy, in flowing Tears she smil'd.
Beauty and Grief shew'd all their Pomp and
Pride,
Whilst those soft Passions did her Looks divide.
This Scene even Hector's Courage melted down,
But soon recovering, with a Lover's Frown :

100 Hector's Farewel to Andromache.

*Madam (says he) these Fancies put away,
I cannot Die before my fatal Day.
Heaven, when we first take in our vital Breath,
Decrees the way, and moment of our Death.
Women should fill their Heads with Womens Cares,
And leave to Men (unquestion'd) Mens affairs.
A Truncheon sutes not with a Ladies Hand,
War is my Province that in chief Command.
The Beauteous Princess silently withdrew,
Turns oft, and with sad, wishing Eyes, does
her Lord's Steps pursue,
Pensive to her Apartment she returns,
And with Prophetick Tears approaching Evils
mourns.
Then tells all to her Maids, officious they
His Funeral Rites to living Hector pay,
Whilst forth he rushes through the * Scæan Gate,
Does his own part, and leaves the rest to Fate.*

* The Left Gate, accounted Ominous.

ON A
POET

Who Writ in the Praise of

SATYR.

By the Earl of Rochester.

TO vex and torture thy unmeaning Brain
 In Satyr's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
 In thee, was most impertinent and vain.
 When in thy Person we more plainly see,
 That Satyr's of Divine Authority ;
 For God made one on Man, when he made
 thee :

In whom are all those Contradictions joyn'd ;
 That make a Pop prodigious, and refin'd ;
 A Lump deform'd and shapeless, wer't thou born,
 Begot in Love's despight, and Nature's scorn,
 And art grown up the most ungainly Wight,
 Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight :
 Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
 Thy Longing to Admire, and be Admir'd,
 To paint thy Grizly Face, to Dance, to Dress,
 And all those awkward Motions that express
 Thy Loathsome Love, and Filthy Daintiness :
 Who needs will be an Ugly *Beau*, *Garsoon*,
 Spit at, and scorn'd by every Girl in Town ;
 Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow thou art
 plac'd
 To fright the tender Flock, who long to taste :
 For none so Lewd and Silly yet have prov'd,
 Where thou mad'st Love, t' endure to be Be-
 lov'd.

'Twere

'Twere Counsel lost, or else I would advise;
But thy half Wit will ne'er let thee be wise:
Half Witty, and half Mad, and scarce half
Brave,
Half Honest, which is very much a Knave,
Made up of all those Halves, thou canst not
pass
For any thing intirely but an *Ass*.

A
FAREWELL
TO
LOVE.

ONce more Love's mighty Charms are
broke,

His Strength and Cunning I defie :
Once more I have thrown off his Yoke,
And am a Man, and do despise the Boy.
Thanks to her Pride, and her Disdain,
And all the Follies of a scornful Mind :
I had ne'er possess'd my Heart again,
If Fair *Miranda* had been kind.

Welcome

Welcome, Fond Wanderer, as Ease
And Plenty to a Wretch in pain,
That worn with Want and a Disease,
Enjoys his Health, and all his Friends again.
Let others waste their Time and Youth,
Watch and look pale, to gain a peevish Maid,
And learn too late this dear-bought Truth,
At length they're sure to be betray'd.

By

By a Person of H O N O U R.

THough, *Phillis*, your prevailing Charms
Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,
That kind defence against all Powers,
But those resistless Eyes of yours:
Think not your Conquest to maintain,
By Rigour and unjust Disdain.
In vain, fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
For Love does seldom Hope survive.
My Heart may Languish for a time,
Whilst all your Glories in their prime,
Can justify such Cruelty,
By the same force that Conquer'd me.
When Age shall come, at whose command
Those Troops of Beauties must disband;
A Tyrant's strength once took away,
What Slave so dull as to Obey?

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

T O

Every Man in his Humour.

By the same Author.

INtreaty shall not serve, nor Violence,
 To make me speak in such a Play's defence:
 A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
 To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy*:
 The Scene (what more absurd) in *England* lies,
 No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;
 No Captive Prince, from nameless Countrey
 brought,
 No Battel, nay, there's not a Duel fought.

And

108 EPILOGUE, &c.

And something yet more sharply might be said.

But I consider the poor Author's Dead :

Let that be his Excuse --- Now for our own,

Why---Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.

The parts were fitted well ; but some will say,

Pox on'em Rogues, What made'em chuse this Play?

I do not doubt but you will credit me,

It was not Choice, but meer Necessity.

To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,

But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*.

Have patience but till *Easter-Term*, and then

You shall have Jigg and Hoby-horse again.

Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our Domestick Wit,

Does promise one of the ten Plays h'as writ :

But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the
Just,

Know, we have Merits, and in them we trust ;

When any Fasts, or Holy-days, defer

The publick Labours of the *Theatre*.

We

We ride not forth, although the Day be fair,
 On Ambling Tit, to take the Suburb-air :
 But with our Authors meet, and spend that
 time

To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhime.
Wednesdays and *Fridays*, constantly we fate,
 Till after many a long and free debate,
 For divers weighty Reasons, 'twas thought fit,
 Unruly Sense shou'd still to Rhime submit.
 This the most wholesome Law we ever made,
 So strictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd :
 Sure, no Man here will ever dare to break.

Enter Johnson's Ghost.

Hold, and give way, for I my self will speak,
 Can you encourage so much Insolence,
 And add new faults still to the great Offence
 Your Ancestors so rashly did commit
 Against the mighty Powers of Art and Wit ?

When

110 EPILOGUE, &c.

When they condemn'd those noble works of
mine

Sejanus, and my best-lov'd *Cataline*:

Repent, or on your guilty Heads shall fall

The Curse of many a Rhiming Pastoral:

The three bold *Beauchamps* shall revive again,

And with the *London-Prentice* conquer *Spain*.

All the dull Follies of the former Age

Shall rise and find applause upon this *Stage*.

But if you pay the great Arrears of Praise,

So long since due to my much injur'd Plays:

From all past Crimes I first will set you free,

And then inspire some one to write like me.

A N
O D E,

I N

Imitation of *PINDAR*,

O N T H E

D E A T H

Of the Right Honourable

T H O M A S Earl of *O S S O R Y*.

By Knightly Chetwood.

WHat strains at sacred *Pisa's* spring,
The *Swan* that *often* sung with tuneful
(breath

To his enchanting Lyre, did sing
Of God, of Hero, or of Heaven-born King,
With Verses *cheaply* purchas'd, tho by *death*:

Or

Or rather (since to a *pious* Hero we,
Just, tho late Obligations bring)
 What Tears the *Muses Prophet Royal* shed
 On *Saul's* anointed Head,
 And thought a *Crown* poor recompence for a
 (Friend;
 When by a Power miraculous he
 (The Power of *Faith* and *Poetry*)
 Upon the Clouds an *Interdict* did lay,
 And bid Mount *Gilboa*
 To rear his naked Back parch'd to the angry Sky:
 Such Numbers *Priestesses* of *Fame* inspire,
 Such *Ossory* does deserve, and *Ormond* such
 (desire;
 Such *Flanders* bloody Plains, and *Mons*, and *Bris*
 (*tish* Seas require.
 And ye Poetick Candidates of Fame,
 If you would build a lasting Name,
 This Subject chuse; as the *dark Womb*
 Of the old Prophets *Vital Tomb*
 Could

Could Life *restore*, so *Offory's*, Life can *give*,
And by his *Genius* many an Age even this *dead*
(Verse shall *live*)

II.

Then tell, ye Heavenly Sisters, ye can tell,
(For we below
In the dark *Vale* of *Hearsay* dwell,
And nothing know)

Tell when great *Offory's enlarged* Shade
Through Heavens *Arch* his *Triumphant Entry*
How noble *Brutus* ancient Race (made
(To shew peculiar Worth peculiar Grace)

Rose up and offer'd the first place.

Tell how the fainted *Hero* (whom
The *pious* Tales of *Fabulous Rome*

Greater to make, have almost nothing made)

Embrac'd his Successor; and swear

None worthier did his *Mystick Ensigns* wear.

Tell how the Nymphs that with *soft silver* oars
 Ply round th' *Ebude's*, and cold *Mona's* shores
 Or the Seas Oracle, the Mouth of *Thames*,
 The noble *Shanon's*, or *short Liffy's* streams,
 Their *Guardian* did lament, and tear
 Their sea-green Hair,
 This second grief to great *Pan's* death th' afflicted
 (*Nymphs* did hear.

Bid sad *Juverna* raise a Monument
 As *Teneriff* high, wide as her *Isles extent*.

Bid her be sure her Title prove,
 Lest her pretence as fabulous seem as lying
 (*Crete's* to *Jove*.

III.

Nature with her Commission brisk and gay,
 When the *blest* Earth saluted new-born Day,
 And the *World's Eye*, the youthful *Sun*,
 Unspotted with ill *Sights* the race did run,

Profuse

Profuse, in Birds and Flowers her *art* did show

She painted *then* the gawdy Bow :

But most in Man, (whom we *her* Abstract call,

She of the *precious stuff* was prodigal :

Her Kings but few removes from *Jove*, her

(Princes *Heroes* all.

But now (so *sparingly* that seed is sown,

The soyl *spent*, or she *covetous* grown,

Or *Vice* hath spoil'd the *Strain*, or Fate

Hath given the World for *desperate*)

Sh' hath shrunk the *short* dimensions of a Man'

And to an *Inch* reduc'd our *Span*,

A Number, an inglorious Rout,

Faint *Shadows* of our Ancestors, alas ! we stalk

If by some mighty effort she (about !

Produce at last one *Ossory*.

(Like *Stars* which in our Hemisphere

Gaz'd at, half known, strait disappear)

So *late* he enters, so *soon* quits the Stage, (Age.

He leaves a Nation *desolate*, and quite *undoes* the

IV.

Early young *Ossory* enter'd *Vertues* race,
 Swiftly began, yet still *encreas'd* his pace ;
 And when no other Rival he could find,
 Strove with *himself*, and left himself *behind*.
 In earliest youth t' his Prince he went

Into a *noble* Banishment,
 The *Country* then of all was excellent.

But sure the Stars and Fortune have
 Small Influence on the *vertuous* and the *brave* ;
 Ev'n *Poison* turns to *wholesome* meat,
 By *Vertues* strong *digestive* heat.

The more with *Hercules* Stepdame *Juno* strove,
 The more she prov'd the *mighty Seed* of *Jove*.
 The Policy of * *Tiber* and the * *Arne*,
 The Courtship of the † *Seine* and the † *Marne*.

* *Italian Rivers.*

† *French Rivers.*

What *solid serious* the sage * *Hebre* hath,
 And *Germany* of *ancient* Faith,
 With *British* Gallantry conjoyn'd,
 Did in the *Chymic* Furnace of *his* Mind
 A high *Elixir* make, than *each* more *precious* and
refin'd.

V.

As when that *Annual Chaos*, Winter, flies,
 Whilst the soft *Pleiades* do mount the Skies,
 And *Philomel* to Western Gales does sing
 The *Advent* of the Heaven born Spring,
 Such Joy *blest Charles* did to his Subjects
 bring,
 Then many a Hero whom no *storms* could
 shake,
 Who from his *sufferings* did *new* Courage
 take,

* *Spanish*.

Dissolv'd in the *soft* Lap of *Pleasure* lay,
 As Ice, the Winter's *Child*, in Summer's day
 Is by the *amorous* Sunbeams *kiss'd* away.
 But not so *Ossory*, *christalliz'd* his Mind
 Fortune adverse did *brave*, *disdain'd* her kind.

Not *Amoret* to the *Alcove*,
 Or Park, the *conscious* Mart of Love,
 Not so t' a Prince's Levee with first light,
 Hasts an aspiring Favourite,
 As you where honourable *danger* lay,
 And to the *Temple* of high Fame did mark the
craggy way.

VI.

Go, thy winged Chariot, quickly Muse,
 prepare,
 Lo, a vast Fleet consumes the Eastern Air;
 Embarque i'th' Ship where *Ossory* goes,
 To check the *Parricidal* Foes:

Not

Not as the Grave *Venetian* takes his way,
With many a Barge, and many a *Gondola*;
Whilst painted *Bucentore* in state does move,
And to the *Adriatick* Maid makes Love.

As *Jove* he comes to th' *Theban* Dame,
Dreadfully gay with light'nings pointed flame:
Unhappy they who to his Embraces came:
One would have thought t' have heard his Ca-
(non roar,

Etna were torn from the *Trinacrian* Shore;
And freed *Tryphæus* a new War did move
Against the upper and the nether *Jove*.
The *Nereids* trembled in their watry Bed,
In the *Isles* roots they hid their Head,
And (like the *Hollanders*) agast from their
(own *Guardian* fled.

V II.

But narrow is one Element,
Compared to a well *form'd* Souls extent;

Narrow the starry Firmament.

Fate brings (to keep the *balance* of the Age)

With *Monsters equal Heroes* on the Stage.

The *Western Sultan* powerful grows,

A Torrent, all things overflows; (shows,

But *Mons* in bloody Characters his fatal limits

You check'd the Monarch in his full Career,

Fierce *Luxemburg* wondred and learn'd to

Alas! he knew not *Ossory* was there. (fear;

Sad the *ripe* Harvest of his Fame he yields,

The Harvest of so many bloody Fields.

To *merit* such a Conqueror long he grew

And gather'd Laurels to be worn by you;

Cursing just Heaven, dropping with bloody

(Sweat

The sad remains withdraws of his Defeat,

And more than all his *Victories* he values this

(Retreat.

VIII.

Great *Excellence* oft proves *dangerous* to the
 A *Comet Vertue* when hung out by Fate (State,
 To it *self* and *others* ruin does create.
 But *silent* he, yet *active* as the Day,
 Born to command, and willing to obey.
 Nature to him the happy temper gave,
 All kind he was as *prosp'rous Love*,
 Gentle as *Venus* gentlest *Dove*,
 In fight beyond a fancied *Hero* brave.
 Thou *Virgin Mother-Church*, which now dost
 The swelling *Surges* of a *double Tide*, (ride
 Safe only because dash'd on *either side*,
 O what a Friend now in *thy day*
 Hath Fate in *Offory* snatch'd away !
 And ye who holy *Friendship* do adore,
 His equal you will never see, before
 You *Offory* shall in Heaven rejoy'n, ne'er to be
 (parted *more*.

IX.

IX.

Accursed *Fever*, Deaths * *sharp-poisoned Dart*,
 Accursed *Fruit*, accursed *Earth*,
 Which to the fatal Tree gave birth ;
 What *Mine* of strange *confusion* have you laid
 In the most regular Breast that e'er was made !
 Those *Eyes*, from which swift Lightning once
 (did part,
 To melt the temper'd Steel, or harder Heart,
 Like *wasting* Meteors now *portend* (end.
 With *blood shot* Beams his own approaching
 The Seat where *Honours Records* lay,
 Where was design'd the Fall of *Africa*, (they,
 (Scarce Heavens Decrees more firmly set than
 Like Parchments in the *Fire* now *shrunk* away.

* *Febris acuta, virulenta.*

Those * *Purple* Waves, which like the *Nile*
 From his *undiscover'd* Head
 Health and *fresh Honours* on its Soil did shed,
 And bid all *Egypt* smile;
 Now with *Vesuvean* waves *scorch* all their way,
 And to the † *King* o'th' little World a *Mortal*
 (Tribute pay.

X.

Injustly we accuse the *Sovereign* Law, (draw.
 Which all things to their proper *place* does
 Full ripe for Heaven he *spurn'd* the Earth,
 The *monumental* seat of *miscall'd* Birth.
 No Art, no Violence, can controul
 (Though on it *Ossa* you, and *Pelion* roul)
 Th' ascending motion of a Heaven-born Soul.
 His *Fever* like *Elias* fiery Carr,
 (Whilst the *sad Prophets* mourn him from *afar*)
 Kindled his *Funeral* Pile into a *Star*.

* His Blood,

† His Heart.

124 *On the Death of the, &c.*

Others may praise the Feats of mortal breath,
But I the opportunity of Death.

He saw not *popular* Fury *threat* the Stage,
Nor *Epidemick Madness* seize the Age.

He *liv'd* not till his *Wreaths* did grow
Wither'd and *pale* upon his Brow,

As *Pompey* and great *Scipio*.

Few, Heavens choice Favourites, the privi-
(ledge have,

To bring their Fame untainted to their Grave.

Who the *wild* Passions knows of human kind,

Fortune and *false* Mortality

This truth will find,

When *wanted most* and best *belov'd*, 'tis *happiest*
(then to *dye*.

U P O N

UPON THE
DEATH

Of his GRACE the late
Duke of O R M O N D,

Anno 1687.

By the same Author.

R Eligious Discord, Fury of this Isle,
A little Truce, cease your harsh Notes a
while!

Honour, Religion, Virtue, Learning, all
Demand our Tears at their Great Patron's fall.

Whi'st

*Whilst slight Court-Meteors, soon advancing
high,
Short liv'd too long, once seen neglected die ;
At Eighty Years Ormond's Propitious Light
Seems immaturely ravish'd from our sight.
Some Prosperous Star torn from his Native Sphere,
Would cause such Wonder and Confusion there.*

*The Virtues of four Reigns he kept intire
Fin'd from the Dross, as Gold by Chymick fire.
Exalted Virtues, which here want a Name,
Too weighty for the labouring Wings of Fame !
Of Ancient Honour, Loyalty, and Truth,
The Noblest Standard for our wand'ring Youth.
Thus whilst the Patriarch liv'd, who pass'd the Flood,
The Jewish State by Ancient Maxims stood ;
But He once gone, the Base, Degenerate Age,
Sunk to its old Apostasie, and Rage.*

Some

*Some have in Courts, others in Camps been
great,*

*In Business some, some in a Wise Retreat,
Ormond in all, his vast Imperious Mind
Excell'd in each, as if to one confin'd:*

*All times of Life, all Stations he could grace,
The distant Poles of goodness did embrace,
With crowding Lights, fill'd all the glorious Space.* }

*Thro' several Climes he a bright Course did run.
Kind, as the enliv'ning Progress of the Sun.
Warm'd by his Beams, even sad Hibernia's Isle
Look'd up, and cheer'd her Visage with a Smile;
Mov'd Britain's Envy, but, her Patron dead,
Deep in his Fens, her Genius sinks his Head.*

*Oxford, which, during this Apollo's Reign,
Rival'd your Sister, and improv'd your Vein,*

If

*If you just Tribute to his Hearse deny,
 Your Swans fall Speechless, and your Streams be
 dry,
 Some grateful Voice his Glorious Life shall sing,
 More above Subjects, than beneath a King.*

To His Grace the present D U K E.

T*His Atlas gone, what Hero do's remain,
 The ponderous Mass of Honours to su
 stain?*

*'Tis You, Great Sir, his Rights, his Vertues
 too,*

(That best Succession!) are devolv'd on You.

§ Your

To the present Duke of Ormond. 129

*Your Mind, well ballas'd, bears the prosperous
Gales,*

They cannot over-set, scarce fill your Sails.

What a fair, steady Course you steer along

Thro' Scylla's Barkings, and false Syrens Song!

Your Friendship not debas'd by Treacherous Art,

Your Actions speak the Language of your Heart.

Fortune despairs, or Flattering, or Unkind,

To daunt your Courage, or corrupt your Mind.

Some plac'd in foolish Pride's new tottering Seat,

Grow less from little, labouring to look Great:

Such do not rise, but weigh great Titles down,

Their Misplac'd Coronets but eclipse the Crown:

Whilst your digested Honour easie lies,

Came as a Debt, not taken by Surprise.

Thus Torrents, Creatures of the Winter Sky,

O'erflow whilst hurtful, in the heats grow dry:

130 To the present Duke of Ormond.

But Sacred Nile warm'd by the Rising Sun,
With him a thousand Leagues from his high Source
do's run ;

With a rich Deluge all the Plains do's bless :

Ægypt were ruin'd, if his Streams were less.

The

*The Earl of ROCHESTER's
Answer, to a Paper of Verses, sent
him by L. B. Felton, and taken out of
the Translation of Ovid's Epistles,*
1680.

WHat strange Surprize to meet such
Words as these?

Such Terms of Horror were ne'er chose to
please:

To meet, 'midst Pleasures of a Jovial Night,
Words that can only give amaze and fright,
No gentle thought that does to Love invite.
Were it not better for your Arms t' employ;
Grasping a Lover in pursuit of Joy,

132 *The E. of Rochester's Answer, &c.*

Than handling Sword, and Pen, Weapons
unfit :

Your Sex gains Conquest, by their Charms and
Wit.

Of Writers slain I could with pleasure hear,
Approve of Fights, o'er-joy'd to cause a Tear ;
So slain, I mean, that she should soon revive,
Pleas'd in my Arms to find her self Alive.

T O

T O A
Very Young L A D Y.

By Sir George Etherege.

SWeetest Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Frost decay
Th' early glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchless Face ;
But kindly opening, like the Rose,
Fresh Beauties every day disclose,
Such as by *Nature* are not shown
In all the Blossoms she has blown ?
And then what conquest shall you make,
Who Hearts already daily take ;
Scorcht in the Morning with thy beams,
How shall we bear those sad extreams
Which must attend thy threatening Eyes,
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise.

THE
Forfaken Miftrefs.

By the fame Author.

D I A L O G U E.

Phil. **T**ELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly ;
Does my Love thy Love destroy ?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay, and I will feign
(Though I break my Heart) disdain ;
But lest I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.

And

And if in vain, I court thy Love,
Let mine, at least thy pity move :
Ah while I scorn, vouchsafe to wooe,
Methinks you may dissemble too.

Streph. Ah *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive
A way to keep my Love alive,
But all your other Charms must fail,
When Kindness ceases to prevail.
Alas ! No less than you, I grieve,
My dying flame has no reprieve,
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs, I Court, be kind,
One Beauty able to renew
Those Pleasures I enjoy in you,
When Love and Youth did both conspire
To fill our Breasts and Veins with fire.

'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain
That Heart which merits your Disdain,
But second Love has still allay,
The Joys grow aged, and decay.
Then blame me not for losing more
Than Love and Beauty can restore :
And let this truth thy comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer Love.

THE DIVIDED HEART.

By the same Author.

AH! *Celia*, that I were but sure,
Thy Love, like mine, cou'd still endure ;
That Time and Absence, which destroy
The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,
Cou'd never rob me of that part
Which you have giv'n me of your Heart ;
Others unenvy'd might possess
Whole Hearts, and boast that Happiness,

'Twas Nobler Fortune to divide
The *Roman Empire* in her Pride,
Than on some low and barb'rous Throne,
Obscurely plac'd to rule alone.

Love

Love only from thy Heart exacts
The several Debts thy Face contracts,
And by that new and juster way,
Secures thy *Empire* and his sway ;
Fav'ring but one he might compel
The hopeless Lover to rebel.

But shou'd he other Hearts thus share,
That in the whole so worthless are,
Shou'd into several Squadrons draw
That strength, which kept entire cou'd awe,
Men would his scatter'd Powers deride,
And conqu'ring Him those spoils divide.

To Mr. J. N. on his *Translations out of*
French and Italian.

By the same Author.

WHile others Toil, our Country to supply
 With what we need only for Luxury,
 Spices, and Silk, in the rich East provide,
 To glut our Avarice, and feed our Pride.
 You Foreign Learning prosperously transmit,
 To raise our Virtue, and provoke our Wit.
 Such brave Designs your Gen'rous Soul inflame
 To be a bold Adventurer for Fame ;
 How much oblig'd are *Italy* and *France*,
 While with your Voice their Musick you
 advance?
 Your growing Fame with Envy can oppose,
 Who sing with no less Art than they Compose ;
 In

140 To Mr. J. N. on his *Translations*

In these Attempts, so few have had success,

Their *Beauties* suffer in our *English* Dress:

By Artless Hands, spoil'd of their Native Ayr,

They seldom pass from moderately fair:

As if you meant these Injuries to Atone,

You give them Charms more Conqu'ring than
their own.

Not like the dull laborious Flatterer,

With secret Art those Graces you confer.

The skilful Painters, with slight strokes impart,

That subtil *Beauty* which affects the Heart.

There are, who publicly profess they hate

Translations, and yet all they Write, Translate:

So proud, they scorn to drive a Lawful Trade,

Yet by their Wants, are shameless Pirates made:

These you incense, while you their Thefts reveal,

Or else prevent in what they meant to steal

From all besides; you are secure of praise,

But you so high our Expectation raise,

A gen'ral Discontent we shall declare,
If such a Workman only should repair.
You to the Dead, your Piety have shewn,
Adorn'd their Monuments, now build your own:
Drawn in the East, we in your Lines may trace
That *Genius* which of old inspir'd the place:
The banish'd Muses back to *Greece* you bring,
Where their best *Airs* you so Divinely sing;
The World must own they are by you restor'd
To sacred shades, where they were first Ador'd.

Voiture's Urania

By the same Author.

HOpeless I languish out my Days,
Struck with *Urania's* Conqu'ring Eyes :
The Wretch at whom she darts these rays,
Must feel the Wound untill he dies.

Though endless be her Cruelty,
Calling her *Beauties* to my Mind,
I bow beneath her Tyranny,
And dare not murmur she's unkind.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,
Proff'ring to arm in my defence ;
But when I call her to my aid,
She's more a Traytor than my sense.

No sooner I the War declare,
But strait her succour she denies,
And joyning Forces with the Fair,
Confirms the *Conquest* of her Eyes.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

By the same Author.

THe Nymph that undoes me, is Fair and
Unkind,
No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd ;
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my
Eye,
And the cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obliging-
ly flows,
Has the Beautiful blush, and the Smell of the
Rose ;

Love

Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she
can kill.

The Desperate Lover can hope no redress,
Where *Beauty* and Rigour are both in excess ;
In *Sylvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must Love. and who Loves her
must die.

L

T O

TO
CELIA.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

AS in those Nations where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood,
But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the god:
So, cruel Fair, tho Heaven has given thee all
We Mortals (Virtue, or can *Beauty*) call,
'Tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,
Darts to your Eyes, and to our selves the Wounds.
Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your *Beauty*, and more vain your Pride,
All envy'd Beings that the World can shew,
Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe.

Subjects

Subjects make Kings, and we (the numerous
Train

Of Humble Lovers) Constitute thy Reign.

This difference only Beauties Realm may boast,

Where most it favours, it enslaves the most.

And they to whom it is indulgent found ;

Are ever in the rudest Fetters bound.

What Tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known

Cruel to those that serv'd to make him one ?

Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour joyn'd,

And Beauty a Disease, when 'tis not kind.

THE
SUBMISSION.

By the same Author.

AH! Pardon, *Madam*, if I ever thought
Your smallest Favours could too dear be
bought;

And the just greatness of your Servants Flame,
I did the poorness of their Spirits Name;
Calling their due attendance, Slavery,
Your power of Life and Death, flat Tyranny;
Since now I yield, and do confess, there is
No way too hard that leads to such a bliss.
So when *Hippomanes* beheld the Race,
Where Loss was Death, and Conquest but a
Face,

He

He stood amazed at the fatal strife,
Wond'ring that Love should dearer be than Life
But when he saw the Prize, no longer staid,
But through those very dangers fought the Maid,
And won her too: O may his Conquest prove
A happy Omen to my purer Love;
Which, if the honour of all Victory
In the resistance of the Vanquish'd lie,
Though, it may be, the least regarded Prize,
Is not the smallest Trophy of your Eyes.

CONSTANCY.

By the same Author.

Fear not, *My Dear*, a Flame can never die,
That is once kindled by so bright an Eye.
Look on thy self, and measure thence my Love,
Think what a Passion such a Form must move ;
For though thy Beauty first allur'd my Sight,
Yet now I look on it but as the Light
That led me to the Treasury of thy Mind,
Whose inward Virtue in that Feature shin'd.
That knot (be confident) will ever last,
Which Fancy ty'd, and Reason has made fast ;
So fast, that time (although it may disarm
Thy Lovely Face) my Faith can never harm ;

And

And Age, deluded when it comes, will find
My Love remov'd, and to thy Soul assign'd.
The Passion I have now, shall ne'er grow less :
No, though thy own Fair Self should it oppress.
I cou'd e'en hazard my Eternity,
Love but again, and 'twill a Heaven be.

T H E
INDIFFERENCE.

By the same Author.

THanks, Fair *Urania*, to your scorn,
I now am free as I was born ;
Of all the Pain that I endur'd,
By your late Coldness, I am Cur'd.

In losing me, proud Nymph, you lose
The Humblest Slave your Beauty knows ;
In losing you, I but throw down
A Cruel Tyrant from her Throne.

I must

I must confess, I ne'er could find
Your equal, or in Shape, or Mind.
Y'ave Beauty, Wit, and all things know,
But where you shou'd your Love bestow.

I unawares, my Freedom gave,
And to those Tyrants grew a Slave ;
But would y'ave kept what you have won,
You should have more Compassion shewn.

Love is a burthen, which two Hearts,
When equally they bear their parts ;
With pleasure carry, but no one,
Alas, can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those, who Court their Pain,
And make an Idol of Disdain ;
My hope in Love, does ne'er expire,
But I lose also the Desire.

Nor

Nor yet of those, who ill receiv'd,
Would gladly have strange things believ'd,
And if your Heart you do defend,
Their Force against your Honour bend.

Whoe'er does make his Victor less,
His own low weakness does confess;
And whilst her pow'r he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that Malice does betray,
And speak concern another way :
And all such scorn in men is but
The Smoak of Fires ill put out.

He's still in Torment, whom the Rage
To Detraction does engage ;
In Love, *Indifference* is sure
The only sign of perfect Cure.

Yet,

Yet, Cruel Fair, if thou canst prove
As happy in some other Love,
As I could once have done in thine,
The Sun on Happier does not shine.

A

Pastoral Dialogue.

*By the same Author.**Thyrsis.*

Strephon! O *Strephon*! Once the Jolliest
Lad,

That with shrill Pipe did ever Mountain glad,
While'ome the formost at our Rural Plays,

The Pride and Glory of our Holy-days:

Why dost thou now sit musing all alone,

Teaching the Turtles yet a sadder Groan?

Well'd with thy Tears, why does the Neigh-
b'ring Brook

Bear to the Ocean what she never took?

Why

Why do our Woods, so us'd to hear thee Sing,
With nothing now but with thy Sorrows ring?
Thy Flocks are well and fruitful, and no Swain
Than thee more welcome to the Hill or Plain.

Strephon.

No loss of these, or care of those are left,
Hath wretched *Strephon* of his Peace bereft;
I could invite the Wolf, my cruel Guest,
And play unmov'd, while he on all did Feast;
I could endure that every Swain out-run,
Out-threw, Out-wrestl'd, and each Nymph
shou'd shun

The hapless *Strephon*: But the gods, I find,
To no such trifles have his Heart design'd;
A feller grief, and sadder loss, I plain,
Then ever Shepherd, or did Prince, sustain;
Bright *Galatea*, in whose matchless Face
Sate Rural Innocence with Heavenly Grace,

In

In whose no less to be adored mind,
With equal light, even distant Virtues shind,
Chaste, without pride; though gentle, yet no
soft;

Not always cruel, nor yet kind too oft:
Fair Goddess of these Fields, who for our sports
Though she might well become despised Courts,
Belov'd of all, and loving one alone,
Is from my sight, I fear, for ever gone;
Now I am sure thou wondrest not, I grieve:
But rather art amazed that I Live.

Thyrsis.

Thy Case indeed is pitiful, but yet
Thou on thy loss too great a price dost set;
Women, like Days are, *Strephon*, some be far
More bright and glorious than others are;
Yet none so wonderful were ever seen,
But by as fair they have succeeded been.

Strephon.

Strephon.

Others as Fair, and may as worthy prove,
But sure I never shall another Love ;
Her bright *Idea* wanders in my Thought,
At once my Poyson, and my Antidote ;
The Stag shall sooner with the Eagle soar :
Seas leave their Fishes naked on the shoar ;
The Wolf shall sooner by the Lambkin die,
And from the Kid the hungry Lyon flie ;
Than I forget her Face : What once I love,
May from my Eyes, but not my Heart remove.

T O

*To a Lady, who fled the sight
of him.*

By Sir George Etherege.

IF I my *Celia* cou'd perswade
To see those Wounds her Eyes have made,
And hear, whilst I that Passion tell,
Which, like her self, does so excell,
How soon we might be freed from Care !
She need not fear, nor I despair.

Such Beauty does the Nymph protect,
That all approach her with respect ;
And can I offer Violence
Where Love does joyn in her defence?

This

To a Lady, who fled the Sight of him. 161

This Guard might all her Fears disperse,
Did she with *Savages* converse.

Then my *Celia* wou'd surprize
With what's produc'd by her own Eyes ;
Those matchless Flames which they inspire
In her own Breast, shou'd raise a fire :
For Love, but with more subtil Art,
As well as Beauty charms the Heart.

M

T O

*To a Lady, asking him how long he
would Love her.*

By the same Author.

IT is not, *Celia*, in our power
To say how long our Love will last,
It may be we within this Hour
May lose those Joys we now do taste:
The Blessed, that immortal be,
From Change in Love are only free.

Then, since we Mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our Love will last;

But while it does, let us take care
Each Minute be with Pleasure past;
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because w're sure to Die.

TO
 Mr. G. Granville,
 ON HIS
 V E R S E S
 TO THE
 K I N G.

By Mr. Edmund Waller.

AN Early Plant, which such a Blossom bears,
 And shows a Genius so beyond his Years;
 A Judgment which could make so fair a Choice,
 So high a Subject to employ his Voice,
 Still as it grows, How sweetly will he sing,
 The growing Greatness of our Matchless King?

M 2

T O

T O
Mr. *WALLER*.

By Mr. G. Granville.

WHen into *Lybia*, the Young *Grecian*
came,

To Talk with *Hammon*, and Consult for Fame;
When from the Sacred Tripod where he stood,
The Priest inspir'd, Saluted him, a god;
Scarce such a Joy, that haughty Victor knew,
When own'd by Heaven, as I thus Sung by
you.

Whoe'er their Names, can in thy Numbers
show,

Have more than Empire, and Immortal grow :

Age_s

To Mr. WALLER. 165

Ages to come, shall scorn the Pow'rs of Old,
When in thy Verse of Greater gods they're
told.

Our Beauteous Queen, and Martial Monarch's
Name,

For *Jove* and *Juno*, shall be plac'd by Fame;
Thy *Charles*, for *Neptune*, shall the Seas Com-
mand,

And *Sacharissa* shall for *Venus* stand:

Greece shall no longer Boast, nor Haughty *Rome*,
But think from *Britain*, all the gods did come.

O N

*MYRA's Singing.**By the same Author.*

TH E *Syrens*, once Deluded, Vainly
Charm'd,

Ty'd to the Mast, *Ulysses* Sail'd unharm'd:

Had *Myra's* Voice Entic'd his Lift'ning Ear,

The *Greek* had stop't, and would have Dy'd to
hear :

When *Myra* Sings, we seek th' Enchanting
Sound,

And Bless the Notes that do so sweetly
Wound.

What Musick needs must dwell upon that
Tongue,

Whose Speech is Tuneful, as another's Song :
Such

Such Harmony, such Wit, a Face so fair,
So many pointed Arrows who can bear?
Who from her Wit, or from her Beauty flies,
If with her Voice she overtakes him, dyes.
Like Soldiers, so in Battle we succeed,
One Peril 'scaping, by another Bleed:
In vain the Dart, or glittering Sword we shun,
Condemn'd to perish by the Slaughtering Gun.

I N
Praise of *M Y R A*.

By the same Author.

I.

TUNE Tune thy Lyre : Begin my
Muse,

What Nymph? What Queen? What Goddess
shall we chuse?

Whose Praises Sing? What Charmer's Name
Transmit Immortal down to Fame?

Strike, strike thy Strings; let Eccho take the
Sound,

And bear it far, to all the Mountains round :

Pandus again shall hear, again rejoyce,

And *Hemus* too, as when th' Enchanting Voice
Of

Of Tuneful *Orpheus* Charm'd the Grove,
Taught Oaks to Dance, and made the Cedars
move.

II.

Nor *Venus*, nor *Diana* will we Name,
Myra is *Venus* and *Diana* too,
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her,
is true:

Then Sing, my Muse let *Myra* be our Theam.
As when the Shepherds do their Garland make,
They search, with pains, the Fragrant Mea-
dows round,

Plucking but here and there, and only take
The Choicest Flow'rs, with which some
Nymph is Crown'd.

In Framing *Myra* so Divinely Fair,
Nature has taken the same care;
All that is Lovely, Noble, Good, we see,
All-beauteous *Myra*, all bound up in Thee.

III.

I I I.

Where *Myra* is, there is the Queen of Love,
Th' *Arcadian* Pastures, and the *Cyprian* Grove.
When *Myra* Walks, so Charming is her Mien,
In every Movement, every Grace is seen.
When *Myra* speaks, so just's the sense and strong,
So Sweet the Voice, 'tis like the Muse's Song.
Place me on Mountains of Eternal Snow,
Where all is Ice, all Winter Winds that blow ;
Or cast me underneath the Burning Line,
Where everlasting Sun does shine,
Where all is scorcht----Whatever you do decree,
Ye Gods, where-ever I shall be,
Myra shall still be Lov'd, and still Ador'd by Me

SONG.

By the same Author.

PRepar'd to Rail, Resolv'd to Part,
When I approach the Perjur'd Maid ;
What is it awes my Timorous Heart ?
Why is my Tongue afraid ?

With the least Glance a little kind,
Such wondrous Pow'r have *Myra's* Charms !
She quells my Doubts, Enslaves my Mind,
And all my Rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken Vows,
When gazing on that Form Divine,
Her injur'd Vassal, trembling bows,
Nor dares her Slave Repine.

SONG.

SONG.

By the same Author.

I.

WHile *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine
in Alliance,
With Forces United bid resistless defiance.
By the touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles
higher,
And her Eyes from her drinking redouble their
Fire.

II.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their
Colour,
As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh
Odour.

His

His dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond
Curing,
And the Liquor, like Oyl, makes the Flame
more enduring.

III.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from ex-
piring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and de-
firing.
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.

IV.

Then *Phillis* begin, let our Raptures abound'
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round.
Our Joys are Immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to
Love.

SONG.

By the same Author.

SO Smooth, and so Serene but now,
 What means, this Change on *Myra's* Brow?
 Her Aguish Love now glows and burns,
 Then chills, and shakes, and the Cold Fit returns.

Mockt with deluding Vows and Smiles,
 When on her Pity I depend,
 My airy hope she soon beguiles,
 And Laughs to see my Labours never end.

So up the Steepy Hill with pain,
 The weighty Stone is rowl'd in vain;
 Which having toucht the top, recoils,
 And leaves the Labourer * to renew his Toils.

* *Sisyphus.*

VERSES

Sent from an Unknown Hand, To

Mr. G. GRANVILLE,

In the Country.

WHY, *Granville*, is thy Life confin'd,
 To Shades, Thou whom the gods
 design'd

In publick, to do credit to Mankind?

Why sleeps the Noble Ardour of thy Blood,

Which from thy Ancestors, so many Ages past,

From *Rollo*, down to *Bevil Flow'd*,

And then appear'd again at last,

In Thee, when thy Victorious Lance

Bore the Disputed Prize, from all the Youth of

France.

In

In the first Tryals, which are made for
 Fame,
 Those to whom Fate Success denies,
 If taking Counsel from their Shame,
 They modestly Retreat, they're Wise:
 But, why should you, who still succeed
 In all you do, whether with Graceful Art you
 lead
 The fiery Barb, or with as Graceful Motion
 tread
 At shining Balls, where all agree,
 To give the highest Praise, and the first Place to
 Thee.

So Lov'd and Prais'd, whom all Admire,
 Why, why should you from Courts, or Camps
 retire?
 If *Celia* is unkind, (if it can be,
 That any Nymph can be unkind to Thee.)

If

Verses sent to Mr. Granville. 2177

If Pensive made by Love, you thus retire,

Awake your Muse, and string your Lyre ;

Thy tender Song, and thy Melodious Strain

Can never be address'd in vain :

She needs will Love, and we shall have Thee
back again.

Occasion'd by the foregoing
V E R S E S.

By Mr. *G. Granville.*

WHoe're thou art, who tempt'ft in such a
strain,

Sweet is thy *Syren* Song, but Sung in vain:
When the Winds blow, and loud the Billows
roar,

What Fool would put to Sea, and quit the Shoar?
Early and Vain, into the World I came,
Big with false hopes, and eager after Fame;
Till looking round me, e're the Race began,
Madmen and giddy Fools were all that Ran.
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the Lifts retire,
And thank the gods, who my retreat inspire.

Look

Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses. 179

Look round the World, and with impartial
eyes

Consider and examine all that rise ;

Weigh well their Actions, and their treacherous
ends,

How Greatness grows, and by what Steps
ascends,

What Murders, Treasons, Perjuries, Deceit,

How many fall, to make one Monster Great.

Would you command ? Have Fortune in your
power ?

Hug whom you Strike, and Smile when you
Devour ;

Be Bloody, False, Flatter, Forswear, and Lye,

Turn Pandar, Pathick, Parasite, or Spy.

Such thriving Arts, may your wisht purpose
bring,

At least a General be, — Perhaps a King,

Fortune we most unjustly partial call,

A Mistress free, who bids alike to all :

180 *Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses.*

But on such terms, as only suit the Base,
Honour denies, and shuns the foul embrace.
The Honest Man, who Starves and is Undone,
Not Fortune, but his Virtue keeps him down:
Had *Cato* bent beneath the Conquering Cause,
He might have liv'd to give new *Senates* Laws;
But on vile terms, Disdaining to be Great,
He perish't by his Choice, and not his Fate:
Honours and Life, th' Usurper bids, and all
That Vain mistaken Men, Good Fortune call;
Virtue forbids, and sets before his Eyes
An honest Death, which he accepts, and dyes.
O glorious Resolution! Noble Pride!
More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd
More lov'd, More prais'd, More envy'd in his
doom,

Than *Cæsar* trampling on the Rights of *Rome*.
The Virruous nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
And Death's a pleasant Road, that leads to Fame.

On

Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses. 181

On Bones, and scraps of Dogs, let me be fed,
My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head
To bleakest Colds, a Kennel be my Bed,
This, and all other Martyrdom, for Thee,
Seems glorious all, Thrice beauteous Honesty.

Ye great Disturbers, who in endless Noise,
In Blood and Horror, seek unnatural Joys ;
For what is all this bustle, but to shun
Those Thoughts, with which you dare not be
alone?

As Men in misery, oppress'd with Care,
Seek in the rage of Wine, to drown Despair.

Let Others fight, and eat their Bread in Blood,
Not caring if the Cause be bad or good ;
Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods
Of strutting Pigmies, who would pass for gods ;
For me unpractis'd in the Courtier's School,
Who loath a Knave and tremble at a Fool,

182 *Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses.*

What can I hope in Courts? Or how Succeed?
Lyons and Wolves shall in the Ocean breed,
The Whale and Dolphin in the Forest feed,
And every Element exchange its kind,
When thriving Honesty in Courts we find.

Happy the Man, of mortals happiest he
Whose quiet Mind, from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives, at Peace within himself, Content:
In Thought, or Act, accountable to none
But to himself, and to the gods alone.
O sweetness of Content, Seraphick Joy,
Which nothing wants, and nothing can de-
stroy!

Where dwells this Peace, this freedom of the
Mind,
Where but in Shades, Remote from human
kind;

In

Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses. 183

In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds
meet,

But never comes within the Palace-Gate.

Farewel then Cities, Camps and Courts farewell,

Welcome ye Groves, here let me ever dwell,

From Care, from Business, and mankind remove'

All but the Muses, and inspiring Love.

How sweet the Morn! How quiet is the Night!

How Calm the Evening! And the Day how
bright?

From hence, As from a Hill, I view below

The crowded World, which like some Wood
does show,

Where several Wanderers travel day and night

By several ways, *And none are in the right.*

THE
PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

By the same Author.

THE god of Day, descending from Above,
Mixt with the Sea, and got the Queen of
Love,

Beauty that fires the World, 'twas fit should rise'
From him alone, who lights the Stars and Skies.

In *Cyprus* long, by Men and gods obey'd,
The Lovers toil, she gratefully repai'd,
Promiscuous blessings to her Slaves assign'd,
And taught the World, that *Beauty* should be
kind.

Learn

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 185

Learn by this Pattern, all ye Fair, to Charm,
Bright be your Beams, but without scorching
Warm.

Hellen was next : From *Greece* to *Phrygia*
brought,
With much expence of Blood and Empire
fought,
Beauty and *Love*, the noblest Cause afford,
That can try Valour, or employ the Sword.
Not Men alone, incited by her Charms,
But Heaven's concern'd , and all the gods take
Arms.

The glorious *Trojan*, happily possess'd,
Enjoys, and bids despairing Fools contest ;
Secure said he, of that for which they Fight,
Theirs be the Toil, and Mine be the Delight.
Your Dull Reflections, Moralists forbear,
His Title's best, who best can please the Fair.

Ten

186 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Ten Years, a Glorious space ! he kept his hold,
Nor lost, till Beauty was decay'd and Old,
And Love, by long possession, pall'd and Cold.

And now , The gods in pity to the Cares,
The fierce Desires, Divisions, and Despairs,
Of tortur'd Men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Resolv'd to multiply the Charming Kind.

Greece was the Land, where this bright Race
begun,

And saw a thousand Rivals to the Sun ;
Hence follow'd Arts, Each studying with Care
Some new Production to delight the Fair.
To bright *Egeria*, *Socrates* retir'd :
His Wisdom grew, but as his Love inspir'd :
Those Rocks and Oaks, that such emotions
felt,
Were cruel Maids, whom *Orpheus* taught to
melt.

Musick

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 187

Musick and Songs, and every way to move
The ravish't Heart, were owing all to *Love*.

The gods entic'd by so divine a Birth,
Descend from Heaven, to this New Heaven on
Earth,

Thy Wit, *O Mercury's* no defence from *Love*,
Nor *Mars* thy Armour, nor thy Thunder *Jove*.

The mad Immortals in a thousand Shapes
Range the wide Globe: some yield, some suf-
fer Rapes,

Invaded, or deceiv'd, not One escapes.

The Wife, tho' a bright Goddess, thus gives place
To mortal Mistresses, of fresh Embrace;
By such Examples were we taught to see
The Life and Soul of *Love's Variety*.

In those first Times, e're charming Woman-
kind

Reform'd their Pleasures, Polishing the Mind;
Rude

188 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Rude were their Revels, and obscene their Joys;
The Broils of Drunkards, and the Lusts of Boys.
Phæbus laments, for *Hiacinthus* dead,
And *Juno* jealous, storms at *Ganymed*.

Return my Muse, and close that Odious
Scene,
Nor stain thy Verse, with Images unclean,
Of *Beauty* Sing, her shining Progress view,
From Clime to Clime, the dazling Light pur-
sue ;
Tell how she spread, and how in Empire grew.

From *Greece* to *Africk*, *Beauty* takes her
flight,
And ripens with her near approach to Light ;
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of swarthy Dames,
With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims,
Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd,
Is of all Colours, and by none defin'd ;

Jewels

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 189

Jewels that shine, in Gold or Silver set,
As precious, and as sparkling are in Jet.
Here, *Cleopatra* with a liberal Heart,
Bounteous of Love, improv'd the Joy with
Art ;

The first who taught recruited Slaves to know
That the rich Pearl, was of more use, than
show.

Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept Love for ever flowing, and full fraught.

Julius and *Anthony*, those Lords of all,

Lo ! At her feet present the conquer'd Ball.

Those dreadful Eagles, that had fac'd the
Sun

From *Pole to Pole*, at length fall dazl'd down.

Her dying Truth, some generous tears would cost,
Had not her Fate inspir'd, * *The World well*
lost,

* *All for Love*, Or the World well lost ; written by Mr.
Dryden.

With

190 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

With secret Pride, the ravish'd Muses view
The Image of that Death, which *Dryden* drew.

Pleas'd in this happy Climate, warm and
bright,

Love for some Ages, revels with delight.

The Martial *Moors*, in Galantry refin'd,

Invent new Arts, to make their Charmers kind.

See! in the Lifts, which golden Barriers
bound,

In Warlike Ranks, they wait the Trumpet's
Sound,

Some Love-Device is wrought on every Sword,
And every Ribbon bears some mystick word.

As when we see the winged Winds engage,

Mounted on Coarfers foaming flame and rage,

One Cloud repuls'd, new Combatants prepare

To meet as fierce, and form a Thund'ring
War,

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 191

So, at the Trumpet's call, advancing high
Their golden Spears, the *Heroes* seem to fly,
So meet, and so renew the skilful Fight,
Each fair Beholder trembling for her Knight ;
Still as one falls, another rushes in,
And all must be ore'come, or none can win ;
The Victor, from the shining Dame, whose
Eyes,
Aided his conquering Arm, Receives a Prize.

Thus flourish'd *Love*, and *Beauty* reign'd in
State,
Till the proud *Spaniard*, gave their Glories
date.

But tho' these matchless Galantries are past
Yet the Description shall for ever last ;
* *Granada* lost, has seen her Poms restor'd,
And *Almahide*, once more by *Kings* ador'd.

* Conquest of *Granada*, by Mr. Dryden. The Part of *Almahide*,
Acted by Mrs. Ellen Gwin.

192 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Love driven thence, to colder *Britain* flies,
And with bright Eyes, the distant Sun supplies;
Romances, that relate the dreadful Fights,
The Loves, and Prowess, of advent'rous
Knights,
To animate their Rage, *A Kiss* record
From *Britain's* fairest Nymphs, was the Re-
ward:

Thus ancient to Love's Empire, is the claim
Of *English Beauty*, and so wide the Fame.
Which, like our Flag upon the Seas, gives
Law
By right avow'd, and keeps the World in
Awe.

Our gallant Kings, of whom long Annals
prove,
The mighty Deeds, stand as renown'd for
Love,

A Mo-

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 193

A Monarch's right, o're Beauty they may
claim,

Lords of that Ocean, from whence Beauty
came.

Thy *Rosamond*, Great *Henry*, on the Stage,
By a late Muse, presented in our Age,
With aking Hearts, and flowing Eyes we view,
While that dissembled Death recalls the true ;
In *Bracegirdle*, the Persons so agree,
That all seems real the Spectators see.

Of *Scots* and *Gauls* defeated, and their
Kings

Thy Captives, *Edward*, Fame for ever Sings ;
Like thy high deeds, thy noble Loves are prais'd,
Who hast to Love, the noblest Trophy rais'd ;
Thy Statues *Venus*, tho by *Phidia's* hand
Design'd Immortal, yet no longer stand,
The magick of thy shining *Zone* is past,
But *Salisbury's* Garter shall for ever last,

O

Which

194 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Which thro' the World, by living Monarchs
worn,
Adds Grace to Scepters, and do's Crowns
Adorn.

If such their Fame, who gave those Rites
Divine
To sacred Love, O what dishonour's thine
Forgetful Queen *, who Sever'd that bright
Head
Which Charm'd Two mighty Monarchs to its
Bed !
Had'st thou been born a Man, thou had'st not
err'd,
Thy Fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd ;
But Ah ! what mighty Magick can assuage
A Woman's Envy, and a Bigot's Rage !

* *Mary Queen of Scots, put to Death by Queen Elizabeth.*

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 195

Love tyr'd at length, *Love* that delights to
Smile,

Flying from Scenes of Horror, quits our Isle;
With *Charles*, the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In Exile live; for Love and He were one:
With *Charles* he wanders, and for *Charles* he
mourns,

But O how fierce the Joy, when *Charles* re-
turns!

As eager Flames, with opposition spent,
Break out impetuous, when they find a vent;
As a fierce Torrent, hinder'd in its race,
Forcing its way, rows with redoubled pace:
From the loud Palace, to the silent Grove,
All, by the King's example, Live and Love:
The Muses with diviner Voices Sing,
And all rejoice to please the God-like King.
Then *Waller* in Immortal Verse proclaims
The shining Court, and all the glittering Dames;

196 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Thy Beauty, **Sydney*, Like *Achilles* Sword
Resistless stands, upon as sure record,
The for'most Hero, and the brightest Dame,
Both sung alike, shall have their Fate the
same,

And now my Muse, a Nobler Song prepare,
And sing it loud, that Heaven and Earth may
hear :

Behold from *Italy*, a wandring Ray
Of moving Light, illuminates the Day ;
Northward she bends, Majestically bright,
And here she fixes her Imperial Light.
Be bold, be bold my Muse, nor fear to raise
Thy Voice to her , who was thy earliest
Praise;

What ! tho the sullen Fates refuse to shine,
Or frown severe on thy audacious Line,

* The Lady *Dorothy Sydney*, celebrated by Mr *Waller* under the
Name of *Sacharissa*.

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 197

Keep thy bright Theam, within thy steady
flight,
The Clouds shall flie, before the dazling Light,
And everlasting Day direct thy Flight :
Thou who hast never yet put on disguise
To flatter Folly, or descend to Vice,
Let no vain fear, thy generous Ardor tame,
But stand upright, *And Sound as loud as Fame.*

As when our Eye, some Prospect would
pursue,
Descending from a Hill , looks round to view,
Passes o're Lawns and Meadows, till it gains
Some beauteous spot, and fixing there, remains ;
With the like Rapture, my transported Muse
Flies other Objects, this bright Theam to
chuse.

Princess Ador'd and Lov'd ! If Verse can give
A Deathless Name, thine shall for ever live ;

198 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Invok'd wheree're the *British* Lyon roars,
Extended as the Seas that gird our Shores.
O happy *James*! content thy mighty Mind,
Grudge not the World, for still thy Queen is
kind:

To lie but at whose feet more Glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on Scepters and on Kings :
Secure of Empire in that Beauteous Breast,
Who would not give their Crowns to be so
blest?

Was *Hellen* half so fair, so form'd for Joy,
Well chose the *Trojan*, and well burnt was *Troy*.
So Charming, so Divine! 'twas just that she
Who was *Love's Queen*, should *Queen of Britain* be.

But Ah! what strange Vicissitudes of Fate,
What chance attends on every Worldly State!
As when the Skies were sackt, the driven gods
Compell'd from Heaven, forsook their blest
Abodes,

Wandering

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 199

Wandering in Woods, they skulkt from Den to
Den,

Or leading flocks, turn'd hirelings to Men.

Or, as the stately Pine, erecting high

Her Beauteous Branches, shooting to the Sky ;

If stricken by the Thunderbolt of *Jove*,

Down falls at once, the Pride of all the Grove ;

Level with lowest Earth, lies the tall Head,

That rear'd aloft, as to the Clouds was spread :

So ———

But cease my Muse, thy Colours are too faint,

Hide with a Veil, those griefs that none can
paint ;

The *Sun*'s retir'd--- But see ! in bright array

What Hosts of heavenly Light, recruit the Day :

Love in a shining *Galaxy* appears

Triumphant still, and *Grafton* leads the Stars ;

Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several ways

Invade the Lookers on, who dye to gaze,

200 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Knowing our dooms, as to the *Syren's* Voice,
So sweet's th' Enchantment, that our Fate's our
choice.

Who most resembles her, let next be nam'd,
Villers for Wisdom, as for Beauty fam'd,
Of a high Race that Conquering *Beauty* brings,
To Charm the World, and Subjects make of
Kings.

Richmond's a Title, that, but nam'd, implies
Majestick Graces, and Victorious Eyes ;
As much, O happy *Brudenell* ! art thou known
By thy bright Daughters Beauties, as thy own.

By *Essex*, and fair *Rutenbourg* we find,
That Beauty to no Climate is confin'd.

Rupert of Royal Blood, with modest Grace,
Blushes to hear the Triumphs of her Face.

With

The Progress of B E A U T Y. 201

With what delight my Muse to *Sandwich* flies,
Whose Wit is piercing as her sparkling Eyes.

Ah ! how she mounts, and spreads her airy
Wings,
And Tunes her Voice when she of *Ormond* Sings:
Of radiant *Ormond*, only fit to be
The Successor of Beauteous *Ossory*.

Holms and *St. Albans* full of Charms appear :
Hyde Venus is ; the *Graces* are *Kildare*.

Careless, but yet secure of Conquest still,
Lusson unaiming never fails to kill :
Guiltless of Pride, to Captivate or Shine,
Bright without Art, she wounds without design.

But *Windham* like a Tyrant throws the Dart,
And rakes a cruel pleasure in the smart :

Proud

202 *The Progress of* B E A U T Y.

Proud of the Ravage that her Beauties make,
Delights in Wounds, and Kills for Killing sake ;
Asserting the Dominion of her Eyes,
As Heroes Fight for Glory, not for Prize.

The skilful Muses earliest care has been
The Praise of never fading *Mazarin* :
The * Poet and his Theam, in spite of Time,
For ever Young, enjoy an endless Prime.

With Charms so numerous, *Myra* can surprize,
The Lover knows not by which Dart he Dies ;
So thick the Volly, and the Stroke so sure,
No Flight can save, no Remedy can Cure.

Yet dawning in her infancy of light,
O see another *Brudenell*, Heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the Glories of her Line,
And fix Love's Empire in that Race Divine.

* St. Evremont.

Fain would my Muse to *Stowell* bend her
Sight,
But turns astonisht from the dazling Light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy Flight.

O *Kneller* ! Like thy Pictures were my Song,
Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil strong;
These matchless Beauties should Recorded be,
In Verse Immortal, as thy * *Gallery*.

* The *Gallery of Beauties*, Drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In Imitation of the 23^d. Ode
of A N A C R E O N.

On G O L D, *to a* M I S E R.

C Qu'd heaps of Wealth prolong our Fate,
And stretch our Days beyond their Date.

Were *Life* as well as *Pardons* Sold,
And *Death* like *Hell*, Brib'd off with Gold.
Then *I* would Scrape and Save, and be,
At least, as *Covetous* as *Thee*.


Then if the Messenger shou'd come,
That brings to all the fatal Doom ;
I'd scorn to give him these Remains
Of Time, worn out with Age and Pains :
I'd use him kindlier than so,
And pay in *Gold* the Debt I owe.

But

But since *We Mortals* vainly try
To purchase *Immortality*,
It is as vain to Sigh and Grieve,
And fearing Death, neglect to Live.
If the Minutes will not stay,
With pleasure they shall pass away ;
In Streams of Wine shall smoothly glide,
Wasted down the purple Tide :
Or let 'em still more gently move,
Born on the even wings of Love.
Useless *Gold*, Why shou'd we save ?
We are the Tribute of the Grave.
Come give me Wine, 'tis brighter far,
Than thy Gold or Jewels are :
Look in the Glass and see it Rise ;
It sparkles like *Lucinda's* Eyes ;
Like her can Charm, like her Inspire
The Soul with Mirth and gay desire.
Our Friends are come, the Bowls are crown'd,
Let's Drink and let her Health go round.

Let's

Let's Drink, and let's our Time improve,
The Day with Wine, the Night with Love.
Of *Life* we all shou'd *Misers* be,
And none shou'd *trust Futurity*.
The Golden Hours that now are gone,
We have enjoy'd and made our own :
If longer time the gods will give ,
We surely shall the Gift receive,
We that best know how to *Live*.



TO LESBIA.

*Quæris quot mihi basiationes
Tua, Lesbia, sint satis superque.*

Catullus.

Wouldst thou, my dearest *Lesbia*, know,
When round thy Neck my Arms I
throw ;

When to thy Lips, my Lips I join,

And press thy rising Breasts to mine ;

When my quick Spirits briskly move,

Inspir'd with joy, inspir'd with Love ;

How many Kisses I'd receive,

How many thousand Kisses give ?

Tell first how many drops there be

In the vast Ocean's boundless Sea :

Then add to these th' unnumber'd Store

Of Grains that crowd his Sandy Shore :

Count

Count next what Stars adorn the Skies,
When Heav'n looks forth with *All* its Eyes, }
To view our Midnight Sports and stollen Joys.
But these, ah *Lesbia*! these will prove
Too few for my insatiate Love :
'Midst all this Wealth I shall be Poor,
And still enjoying wish for more ;
Almighty Love no bounds allows,
No measure He, nor Number knows.
Then let our Joys, my *Lesbia*, be
Immense as his Divinity :
No Sands, no Seas, nor Stars controul,
Th' unbounded pleasures of our Soul.

Thus, thus, my Dearest, let us live,
Claspt in each others longing Arms :

As many Thousand Kisses give,
As I've *Desires*, and Thou hast *Charms*.

This, *Lesbia*, only this can prove,
Enough for my insatiate Love.

A N

Epithalamium from Catullus.

Y O U T H S.

R I S E Youths, the Evening's come, and
her bright Star

With long expected light flames from afar :

'Tis time to rise, 'tis time the Feast to leave,

To sing the Nuptials, and the Bride receive.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

V I R G I N S.

See, see they 'dvance, and *Hesperus* above

On *Oeta's* top now lights the Lamp of Love :

P

What

210 *An Epithalamium from Catullus.*

What Life, what Vigour in their Mien appears!

And Sprightly joy assures the Triumph theirs.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

Y O U T H S.

For us, no light, no easy Task's prepar'd,
Doubtful's the Strife, and to Subdue is hard.
See with what studious care the Virgin Train
Employ their Thoughts, nor will employ in
vain ;

'Tis Care and Labour must the Victory gain.

Whilst we ignobly by our sloth betray'd
Shall fall, and be an easy Conquest made.

Let this a vig'rous Emulation raise,

And as *They Sing*, let *Us* return their Lays.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial B.d.*

V I R.

V I R G I N S.

O *Hesperus* ! what more *malignant* light
Glares in the *dusky forehead* of the Night?
Thou, *Cruel* thou, dost from the bosom tear
Of her Fond Mother the unwilling Fair ;
And giv'st her up withall her Virgin Charms,
Expos'd to th' fury of a Lover's Arms.
What greater Cruelty than this is shown
By Lawless Conquerors in a taken Town?
Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.

Y O U T H S.

No Star, like thee, with such a *Cheerful* light,
Smiles on the *sober face of silent* Night.
You, *kindly* you, when your glad beams arise,
Ripen the Parents hopes, and Lovers joys ;
Which, both with strong desire inflam'd, delay,
'Till thy bright Star has clos'd the tedious Day.

212 *An Epithalamium from Catullus.*

What greater Bliss can be bestow'd by *Jove*,
Than the soft Minute of transporting Love?

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

VIRGINS.

Thou under covert of the treach'rous
Night,
Hast snatch'd our dear Companion from our
Sight:

At thy approach the watchful Guards are
set,

And Night led on by Thee affords retreat

To Thieves and Robbers; till again you rise
With kindlier Beams, to gild the *Eastern Skies*,
And whom the Evening hid, thy Morning
Rays surprize.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

YOUTH S.

Y O U T H S.

Let the Chaste Virgins modestly complain
With well-dissembled Rage, and false disdain:
They at the Joys thou giv'st will ne'er repine,
And nature softly pleads thy cause within.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

V I R G I N S.

As some fair Plant that's in a Garden rear'd,
Safe from the piercing Plough, and trampling
herd,

Whilst yet the Sun's mild Rays, and gentle
Show'rs,

With fanning Winds refresh its op'ning flow'rs,
The eyes of ev'ry Youth, and ev'ry Maid allures.

Torn from the Stalk, the tender Blossoms fade,
Despis'd by every Youth, and every Maid.

214 *An Epithalamium from Catullus.*

So while her Virgin Bloom adorns the Fair,
By all she's Courted, and to all is Dear;
But when her faded Chastity is gone,
By none she's Courted, is Belov'd by none.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

Y O U T H S.

As the Wild Vine, that in the Desert grows,
And bears no fruitful Blossoms on its Boughs,
(Which, by their weight bent downwards, and
unbound,
Spread their neglected Tendrils on the ground)
Despis'd and scorn'd, can no assistance find,
Or from the Peasant, or the labouring Hind.
But if the Elm be Wedded to the Vine,
And round his Waste her clasping Branches twine,
Her loaded Arms, which a full Vintage bear,
Tempt and reward the Hinds and Peasants care.

So

An Epithalamium from Catullus. 215

So the Unmarry'd Virgin's *drooping Charms*,
Receive fresh Vigour from a Lovers Arms.
Dear to her Husband still new Joys she gives,
And in her Aged Sire past Youth revives.

Be not, Fair Virgin, with reluctance led
To the chaste transports of the Nuptial Bed:
Let thee, the will of thy kind Parents move,
And be not deaf to Duty as to Love.
Your self's not wholly yours, one third is due
To either Parent, and one third to you;
And since both these to *Him* their Right convey,
If *Love persuades* not, *Reason bids* obey.

*Come Hymen, God of Marriage come, and shed
Thy sacred influence on the Nuptial Bed.*

Part of the 14th Book of
H O M E R.

*In this is Described the Contrivance of Juno
to lull Jupiter to Sleep , that Neptune
the mean time might Assist the Grecians.*

ON *Ida's* lofty top the *Thund'rer* fate,
And held with equal hand the Scales
of Fate ;

What Plot shou'd *Juno* try, which way deceive
Th' impartial god, and labouring *Greeks* relieve?
The *Queen* was soon resolv'd, and chose to prove
The old, yet still successful, Cheat of Love,
She knew her Charms, and knew Almighty }
Jove.

Then

Then freight to her Apartment does repair,
Th' Apartment was contriv'd by *Vulcan's* care ;
With skill Divine he form'd the private room,
Sacred to her, where none but she cou'd come.
Here from all Eyes withdrawn she Naked stood,
And bath'd her Body in the Crystal flood :
Then on her Heavenly Limbs *Ambrosial* Show'rs
Of rich perfumes and liquid Oyntment pours,
(Born by the Winds the fragrant Spirit flies
Thro' the wide Earth diffus'd, and spacious
Skies ;)

This done, with a nice Hand and artful Care,
She Combs, and Curls in Rings her shining Hair ;
The golden Locks from her celestial Head
With comely pride descend, and round her
Shoulders spread :

Her radiant Form in a rich Robe she drest,
And with her Girdle binds the flowing Vest,
On which a thousand various Figures shine,
Wrought in the Heav'nly Loom by hands Divine.

218 *Part of the 14th Book of Homer.*

Two glitt'ring Diamonds, like refulgent Stars,
Shoot forth their beams and sparkle at her Ears,
Then over all a shining Veil she throws,
And thus adorn'd, in haste to *Venus* goes.
To whom she says —

Let not, bright Queen, the different sides we
 chuse,
Make you, the small request I have, refuse,
To thee, the *Queen of Love*, the *Queen of Heaven*
 sues.

And sure we're too much mov'd with human
 cares,

If their rash Quarrels and intestine Wars
Disturb our blissful Seats, or can create
In Gods and Goddesses eternal hate.

The grant is easy, nor do I distrust
Your kind Assistance in a cause so just:
I'm going now to those remote abodes,
In which the ancient Parents of the Gods,

Part of the 14th Book of Homer. 219

Ocean and *Tethys* Empire hold, beyond
Where the Sun rolls, and Earth receives its
bound.

With them I dwelt, when from those Realms
above

Saturn was driven by the Arms of *Jove*;
The helps they gave my tender Years, engage
For them th' Assistance of my riper Age:
With grief I see their Strifes that have destroy'd
Those mutual Pleasures which they once
enjoy'd:

Cou'd I these feuds and jealousies remove,
And tye again the loosen'd bands of Love,
They would for ever bless me, and my name
Shou'd stand the first in the records of Fame:
Give me those pow'rful Charms by which you
sway
The World, and make both Gods and Men
Obey.

She

220 *Part of the 14th Book of Homer.*

She spake; nor cou'd the beauteous *Queen*
of *Love*,

Refuse the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*.

But from her snowy Breast ungirds the *Zone*,
That with rich Work, and high Embroidery
shone.

In this were all those Charms that cou'd inspire
The Soul with amorous warmth and gay
desire;

Soft Glances, forward Hopes, and modest Fears,
False Oaths, and tender Sighs, and speaking
Tears,

The subtle Arts and Eloquence of Love,
To cheat the Wisest, and the stubborn'st
move.

Take *This*, said she, *This* will again revive
Their flames, and make their drooping Passion
live.

The Goddess pleas'd with her successful wiles,
Takes the rich Gift, and as she takes it smiles.

Then

Part of the 14th Book of Homer. 221

Then *Venus* to the Heav'ns returns, whilst *She*
Pursues her way, secure of Victory.

And now she came, where in Majestick state
The Father of the Gods exalted sat :

He saw the *Queen*, and from her conquering Eyes
Thro' all his Veins the pointed Lightning flies ;
Th' Almighty soon dissolv'd with warm desires,
Feels in his Blood those soft and tender fires :
Which youthful Breasts inflame, when first they
prove,

With joy transported the sweet thefts of Love.

On her bright Form he wondring gaz'd, then
prest

Her Hand, and thus in words himself address.

On what design, bright Goddess, cam'st thou
here

From Heav'n, and not thy Steeds nor Chariot
near ?

Juno repli'd, to those remote abodes
I go, in which the Parents of the Gods

Ocean

222 *Part of the 14th Book of Homer.*

Ocean and *Tethys* Empire hold, beyond
Where the *Sun* rolls, and *Earth* receives its bound;
The helps they gave my tender Years, engage
For them th' assistance of my riper Age:
I'm griev'd to see the *strifes* which have destroy'd
Those *mutual Pleasures* which they once enjoy'd,
Wou'd fain these Feuds and Jealousies remove,
That slacken and untie the Bonds of Love.
My Horses and my Chariot ready stand
At *Ida's* foot prepar'd for my command:
In haste I thither came but to receive
From thee, my Husband, thy consent and leave:
I would not for another's Peace create
Uneasier Feuds at home, and worse Debate.

Then *Jove*; *This Journey* you may well delay,
But *sitting Love* has Wings, and cannot stay:
Here clasp'd in one anothers Arms let's lie,
And gather e're it fade the blooming joy.
Ne'er did Divine or Human Love inspire
My Breast before with such an ardent fire:

Not

Part of the 14th Book of Homer. 223

Not fair *Alcmena* charm'd with this delight,
Nor all the pleasures of the *extended* Night ;
Not *Semele*, whose vigorous Off-spring show'd
In what warm transports I begot the god ;
Not the fresh beauties of *Latona's* face,
Nor comelier *Ceres* more Majestick Grace ;
Nor even *Thou thy self*, nor didst thou e'er
Look so divinely Bright, so charming Fair.

To him the Goddess thus repli'd, Great *Jove*
This place is not a proper Scene for Love :
He shuns the busy day, the prying Light,
And flies to the retreat of silent Night.

Caught by some god, I shall become their Jest
Both at the Council and the publick Feast ;
When e'er I'm look'd on, I shall think they trace
The print of pleasure in my glowing face ;
And by my Blushes and my Care reveal
That Secret which I labour to conceal.

To whom the Thund'rer with a Smile replies,
Fear not the Gods, nor Mortals prying Eyes ;

So

224 *Part of the 14th Book of Homer.*

So thick a Cloud I'll cast around, no Ray
Of Light shall introduce th' unwelcome Day.

Then fir'd and Ravish'd with her Heav'nly
Charms,

He snatch'd the yielding Goddess to his Arms.
The joyful Earth was pleas'd, and smiling spread
Her flow'ry Lap to form the fragrant Bed ;
Pansies and Hyacinths were strew'd around,
And a new blooming Spring adorn'd the ground.
Upon their naked Limbs in gentle showres
The golden Cloud Ambrosial Moisture pours.
At length the god with Love and Sleep oppress'd,
Melts in her Arms, and sinks to pleasing Rest.

AN
 EPISTLE
 To the Right Honourable
 CHARLES
 EARL of
Dorset and Middlesex,
 LORD CHAMBERLAIN of
 His Majesty's Household.
 Occasion'd by
 His MAJESTY's Victory
 IN
 IRELAND.

By the Right Honourable
 CHARLES MOUNTAGUE, Baron Halifax.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

The Earl of Dorset.

WHat? shall the King the Nation's Genius
raise,

And make us Rival our Great *Edward's* Days;
Yet not one Muse, worthy a Conqu'rors Name,
Attend his Triumphs, and Record his Fame!
Oh *Dorset*! You alone this Fault can mend,
The Muses Darling, Confident, and Friend?
The Poets are your Charge, and, if unfit,
You should be Fin'd to furnish abler Wit;
Oblig'd to quit your Ease, and draw agen,
To Paint the Greatest Heroe, the Best Pen.

A Hero, who thus early does out shine
The Ancient Honours of his Glorious Line ;
And soaring more sublimely to Renown,
The Mem'ry of their Pious Triumphs drown :
Whose Actions are deliver'd o'er to Fame,
As Types and Figures of His greater Name.

When Fate some mighty Genius has design'd,
For the Relief and Wonder of Mankind,
Nature takes time to answer the Intent,
And climbs by slow Degrees, the steep Ascent :
She toils and labours with the growing Weight,
And watches carefully the Steps of Fate ;
Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,
To set the Hero in a happy Light ;
Then in a lucky and propitious Hour,
Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.

In *Nassau's* Race she made this long Essay;
Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,
And promis'd in their Dawn, this brighter Day :
A Publick Spirit distinguish'd all the Line ;
Successive Vertues in each Branch did shine,
Till this last Glory rose, and Crown'd the Great
Design.

Blest be his Name ! And Peaceful lie his Grave,
Who durst his Native Soil, lost *Holland*, save !
But *William's* Genius takes a wider Scope,
And gives the Injur'd, in all Kingdoms, Hope :
Born to subdue insulting Tyrants Rage,
The Ornament and Terror of the Age ;
The Refuge, where afflicted Nations find
Relief from those Oppressors of Mankind,
Whom Laws restrain not, and no Oaths can bind.
Him, their Deliv'rer, *Europe* does confess,
All Tongues extoll, and all Religions Bless :

230 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

The *Po*, the *Danube*, *Batis*, and the *Rhinè*,
United in his Praise, their Wonder join :
While in the Publick Cause he takes the Field'
And shelter'd Nations Fight behind his Shield'
His Foes themselves dare not Applause refuse :

And shall such Actions want a faithful Muse ?
Poets have this to boast ; Without their Aid,
The freshest Lawrels, nipp'd by Malice, fade, }
And Virtue to Oblivion is betray'd :
The proudest Honours have a narrow Date,
Unless they vindicate their Names from Fate.

But who is equal to sustain the Part !
Dryden has Numbers ; But he wants a Heart :
Enjoin'd a Penance (which is too severe
For playing once the Fool) to Persevere.
Others, who knew the Trade, have laid it down ;
And, looking round, I find you stand alone.

How,

How, Sir ! can you, or any *English* Muse,
Our Country's Fame, our Monarch's Arms, refuse?

'Tis not my Want of Gratitude ; but Skill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil :
I cannot sing of Conquests, as I ought,
And my Breath fails to swell a lofty Note.
I know my Compass, and my Muses Size,
She loves to Sport and Play, but dares not Rise ;
Idly affects in this familiar Way,
In easy Numbers loosely to convey,
What mutual Friendship wou'd at Distance say.

Poets assume another Tone and Voice,
When Victory's their Theam, and Arms their
Choice.

To follow Heroes in the Chace of Fame,
Asks Force, and Heat, and Fancy wing'd with Flame?
What Words can paint the Royal Warrior's Face?
What Colours can the Figure boldly raise?

232 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

When cover'd o'er with comely Dust and Smoke,
He pierc'd the Foe, and thickest Squadrons broke?
His bleeding Arm, still painful with the Sore,
Which, in his Peoples Cause, the Pious Father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the Troops a Glorious
Way,

Not the United Force of *France*, and Hell cou'd stay

Oh *Dorset*! I am rais'd, I'm all on Fire!
And if my Strength could answer my Desire,
In Speaking Paint this Figure should be seen,
Like *Jove* his Grandeur, and like *Mars* his Mien;
And Gods descending should Adorn the Scene.

See, See! Upon the Bank of *Boyne* he stands,
By his own view adjusting his Commands;
Calm and Serene the Armed Coast surveys,
And in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs:
Then fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
Resolves to end the War, and fix the Throne.

From

An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset. 233

From wing to wing the Squadrons bending stand,
And close their ranks to meet their Kings command.
The Drums and Trumpets sleep, the sprightly
Noise

Of Neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,
Suspended in Attention, banish far
All Hostile Sounds, and hush the Dinn of War :
The silent Troops stretch forth an eager Look,
List'ning with joy, while thus their Gen'ral spoke.

*Come Fellow-Soldiers, Follow me once more,
And fix the Fate of *Europe* on that Shore ;
Your Courage only waits from me the Word,
But *England's* Happiness Commands my Sword.
In her Defence I ev'ry Part will bear,
The Soldier's Danger, and the Prince's Care,
And envy any Arm an equal Share. }
Set all that's dear to Men before your Sight,
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we Fight ;

To

234 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

To save your Wives from Rape, your Towns from
Flame,

Redeem your Country sold, and vindicate her
Name:

At whose Request, and timely Call I rose,
To tempt my Fate, and all my Hopes expose;
Strugled with adverse Storms, and Winter-Seas,
That in my Labours you might find your Ease.
Let other Monarchs dictate from afar,
And write the empty Triumphs of their War,
In lazy Palaces, supinely Rust;
My Sword shall justify my People's Trust.
For which——But I your Victory delay;
Come on, I, and my Genius lead the way.

He said. New Life and Joy ran thro' the Host,
And sense of Danger in their Wonder lost;
Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,
In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men withstood.

The

An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset. 235

The K I N G leads on, the KING does all inflame,
The K I N G — and carries Millions in the Name.

As when the swelling Ocean bursts his Bounds,
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighb'ring
Grounds,

The roaring Deluge, rushing headlong on,
Sweeps Cities in its Course, and bears whole Fo-
rests down ;

So on the Foe the firm Battalions prest,
And, He, like the Tenth Wave drove on the rest ;
Fierce, Gallant, Young, He shot thro' ev'ry Place, }
Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace, }
He hung upon their rear or lightned in their face. }

Stop! Stop! brave Prince ! Allay that Gen'rous
Flame,

Enough is given to *England*, and to Fame.

Remember, Sir, you in the Center stand, }
Europe's divided Int'rests you Command, }
All their Designs uniting in your Hand : }

Down

236 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

Down from your Throne descends the Golden
Chain,

Which does the Fabrick of our World sustain ;
That once dissolv'd by any fatal stroke,
The Scheme of all our Happiness is broke.

Stop! Stop! brave Prince! Fleets may repair
again,

And routed Armies rally on the Plain,

But Ages are requir'd to raise so great a Man !

Hear how the Waves of *French* Ambition roar,

Disdaining Bounds, and breaking on the Shore,

Which you ordain'd to curb their wild destru-

ctive Pow'r ;

That Strength remov'd; Again, Again they flow,

Lay *Europe* waste, nor Laws, nor Limits know.

Stop! Stop! brave Prince! What does your
Muse, Sir, faint?

Proceed, Pursue his Conquests——Faith, I can't :

My

My Spirits sink, and will no longer bear ;

Rapture and Fury carry'd me thus far.

Transported and Amaz'd.

That Rage once spent, I can no more sustain

Your Flights, your Energies, and Tragic Strain, }

But fall back to my Nat'ral Pace again ;

In humble Verse, provoking you to Rhime,

I wish there were more *Dorsets* at this time.

Oh ! if in *France* this Hero had been Born ;

What glittering Tinsel would His Acts Adorn ?

There 'tis immortal Fame, and high Renown,

To steal a Country, and to buy a Town :

There Triumphs are o'r Kings and Kingdoms sold,

And Captive Virtue led in Chains of Gold.

If Courage cou'd, like Courts be kept in Pay,

What Sums wou'd *Louis* give, that *France* }

might say,

That Victory follow'd, where he led the way ? }

He all his Conquests wou'd for this refund,

And take th' Equivalent, a Glorious Wound.

Then

238 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

Then, what Advice to spread his real Fame,
Wou'd pass between *Versailles* and *No'tredame*?
Their Plays, their Songs, would dwell upon his
Wound,

And Opera's repeat no other Sound;
Boyne wou'd for Ages, be the Painter's Theam,
The *Goblin's* Labour, and the Poets Dream;
The wounded Arm wou'd furnish all their Rooms,
And bleed for ever Scarlet in the Looms:
Boileau with this wou'd Plume his Artful Pen,
And can your Muse be silent? Think agen.

Spare your Advice; And since you have
begun
Finish your own Design, the Work is done.

Done! Nothing's Done, Not the Dead Colours
laid,
And the most Glorious Scenes stand undisplay'd.
A Thousand Gen'rous Actions close the Rear;
A Thousand Virtues, still behind, stand crouding
to appear.

The

The QUEEN her self, the charming QUEEN
Should Grace

The Noble Piece, and, in an Artful Place,
Softens War's Horror with her lovely Face.

Who can omit the QUEEN's auspicious Smile,
The Pride of the Fair Sex, the Goddess of our Isle
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her Fears for Him, her Prudence for the State?
Dissembling Cares, she smooth'd her Looks with
Grace,

Doubts in her Heart, and Pleasure in her Face.
As danger did approach, her Spirits rose,
And, putting on the King, dismay'd his Foes.
Now, all in Joy, she Gilds the chearful Court,
In ev'ry Glance descending Angels sport.
As on the Hills of *Cynthus*, or the Meads
Of cool *Eurotas*, when *Diana* leads
The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A Thousand shining Maids, and form the Dance:

The

240 *An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.*

The stately Goddess with a Graceful Pride,
Sweet and Majestick, does the Figure guide;
Treading in just and easie Measures round
(The Silver Arrows on her Shoulders found)
She walks above them All. Such is the Scene
Of the Bright Circle, and the Brighter QUEEN.

These Subjects do, my Lord, your Skill Com-
mand,

These none may touch with an unhallow'd Hand:
Tender the Strokes must be, and nicely Writ,
Disguis'd Encomiums must be hid in Wit,
Which Modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit;
Who made no other steps to such a Throne,
But to Deserve, and to receive the Crown.

A N

EPISTLE

T O

Charles Mountague Esq;

O N

His MAJESTY's

V O Y A G E

T O

HOLLAND.

B Y

Mr. GEORGE STEPNEY.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Charles Mountague Esq;

SIR,

SInce you oft invite me to renew
An Art I've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past Follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the Critick in the Friend;
Tho' my warm Youth untimely be decay'd,
From Grave to Dull insensibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the Humour of the Times,
(Inclin'd to Bus'ness, and averse to Rhimes)
And to obey the Man I love, in spight
Of the World's Genius, and my own, I'll Write.

244 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

But think not that I vainly do aspire
To Rival what I only wou'd Admire,
The Heat and Beauty of your Manly Thought,
And Force like that with which your Heroe
fought.

Like *Sampson's* Riddle is that powerful Song,
Sweet as the Honey, as the Lion strong ;
The Colours there so Artfully are laid,
They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade ;
But shall of Writing a just Model give,
While *Boyne* shall flow, and *William's* Glory live.

Yet since his ev'ry Act may well infuse
Some happy Rapture in the humblest Muse,
Tho' mine despairs to reach the wondrous
height,
She prunes her Pinnions, eager of the flight ;
The *King's* the Theme, and I've a *Subject's* Right.
When *William's* Deeds, and rescu'd *Europe's* Joy
Do ev'ry Tongue and ev'ry Pen employ,

'Tis

An Epistle to C. Mountague, Esq; 245

'Tis to think Treason sure to shew no Zeal,
And not to Write, is almost to Rebel.

Let *Albion* then forgive her Meanest Son,
Who wou'd continue what her Best begun;
Who, leaving Conquests, and the Pomp of War,
Wou'd sing the Pious King's divided Care;
How eagerly he flew when *Europe's* Fate
Did for the Seed of future Actions wait;
And how two Nations did with Transport boast
Which was lov'd, and lov'd the Victor most:
How joyful *Belgia* gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and Vows for her returning Lord;
How the Fair *Isle* with rival Passion strove,
How by her Sorrow she exprest her Love,
When he withdrew from what his Arm had
free'd,
And how she Blest his way, yet sigh'd, and said,

Is it decree'd my Heroe ne'er shall Rest,
Ne're be of me, and I of him possess'd?

246 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

Scarce had I met his Virtue with my Throne,
(By Right, by Merit, and by Arms his own)

But *Ireland's* freedom, and the Wars alarms
Call'd him from me and his *Maria's* Charms.

Oh gen'rous Prince! too prodigally kind,
Can the diffusive Goodness of your Mind
Be in no bounds, but of the World confin'd? }
Shou'd sinking Nations summon you away,
Maria's Love might justify your stay.

Imperfectly the many Vows are paid,
Which for your Safety to the Gods were made,
While on the *Boyne* they labour'd to out-do
Your Zeal for *Albion* by their Care for You;
When too impatient of a Glorious Ease,
You tempt new Dangers on the Winter Seas.
The *Belgick State* has rested long secure
Within the Circle of thy Guardian Power;
Rear'd by thy Care that noble *Lion*, grown
Mature in strength, can range the Woods alone:

When

An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq; 247

When to my Arms they did the Prince resign,
I Blest the Change, and thought him wholly mine;
Conceiv'd long Hopes I jointly shou'd obey
His stronger, and *Maria's* gentle Sway,
He fierce as Thunder, she as Lightning bright;
One my Defence, and t'other my Delight.
Yet go—where Honour calls the Heroe, go;
Nor let your Eyes behold how mine do flow;
Go, meet your Country's Joy, your Virtue's Due,
Receive their Triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my Empire, and let *France* afford
The next large Harvest to thy prosp'rous Sword;
Again, in *Crecy* let my Arms be rear'd,
And o'er the Continent *Britania* feard;
While under *Mary's* Tutelary Care,
Far from the Danger, or the Noise of War,
In Honourable Pleasure I possess
The Spoils of Conquest, and the Charms of Peace.
As the *Great Lamp* by which the Globe is Blest,
Constant in Toil, and Ignorant of Rest,

248 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*
Thro' different Regions does his Course pursue,
And leaves one World but to revive a new;
While, by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light:
So when your Beams do distant Nations chear
The Partner of your Crown shall mount the Sphere,
Able alone my Empire to sustain,
And carry on the Glories of thy Reign——
But why has Fate maliciously decreed,
That greatest Blessings, must by turns succeed?

Here she relented, and would urge his Stay
By all that Fondness, and that Grief could say;
But soon did her presaging Thoughts employ
On Scenes of Triumphs and returning Joy:
Thus, like the Tide, while her unconstant Breast
Was swell'd with Rapture, by Despair deprest,
Fate call'd; The Heroe must his way pursue,
And her Cries lessen'd as the Shore withdrew.

An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq; 249

The Winds were silent, and the *Gentle Main*
Bore an Auspicious *Omen* of his Reign,
When *Neptune*, owning whom those Seas obey,
Nodded, and bad the chearful *Tritons* play.
Each chose a different Subject for their Lays,
But *Orange* was the burthen of their Praise:
Some in their Strains up to the Fountain run,
From whence this Stream of Virtue first begun;
Others chose Heroes of a latter Date,
And sung the * *Founder* of the neighb'ring State,
How daringly he Tyranny withstood,
And Seal'd his Country's freedom with his Blood.
Then to the two Illustrious † *Brethren* came,
The Glorious Rivals of their Father's Fame:
And to the * *Youth*, whose pregnant Hopes out-ran
The steps of Time, and early shew'd the Man,

* *William.*

† *Maurice and Henry.*

* *William.*

250 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

For whose Alliance Monarchs did contend,
And gave a Daughter to secure a Friend.
But as, by Nature's Law the *Phœnix* dies,
That from its Urn a Nobler Bird may rise,
So Fate ordain'd the Parent soon shou'd set
To make the Glories of * *his Heir* compleat.

At *William's* Name each fill'd his vocal Shell,
And on the happy Sound rejoic'd to dwell;
Some sung his Birth, and how discerning Fate
Sav'd Infant Virtue against powerful Hate;
Of pois'nous Snakes, by young *Alcides* quell'd,
And *Palms* that spread the more, the more withheld.

Some sung *Seneffe*, and early Wonders done
By the bold Youth, Himself a War alone;

* *His present Majesty.*

An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq; 251

And how his firmer Courage did oppose
His Country's foreign and intestine Foes,
The *Lion* He, who held their Arrows close.
Others sung *Persens*, and the injur'd Maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd Warrior's timely Aid;
Or in mysterious Numbers did unfold
Sad modern Truths wrapt up in Tales of old;
How *Saturn*, flush'd with Arbitrary Power,
Design'd his lawful Issue to devour,
But *Jove*, (reserv'd for better Fate) withstood
The black Contrivance of the doating God;
With Arms he came, His guilty Father fled,
(Twas *Italy* secur'd his frightened Head)
And by His Flight resign'd his empty Throne
And Tripple Empire to his Worthier Son.

Then in one Note their Artful Force they join
Eager to reach the *Victor* and the *Boyne*;

252 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

How on the wond'ring Bank the Heroe stood,
Lavishly Bold and desperately Good ;
Till Fate, designing to convince the Brave
That they can dare no more than Heav'n can save,
Let Death approach, and yet with-held the sting,
Wounded the *Man*, distinguishing the *King*.

They had enlarg'd, but found the Strain too
strong,

And in soft Notes allay'd the bolder Song :
Flow, gentle *Boyne*, (they cry'd and round thy Bed
For ever may victorious Wreaths be spread ;
No more may Travellers desire to know
Where *Simois* and *Granicus* did flow ;
Nor *Rubicon*, a poor forgotten Stream,
Be, or the Soldiers Rant, or Poet's Theme ;
All Waters shall unite their Fame in Thee,
Lost in thy Waves as those are in the Sea.

They Breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er ;
And begg'd thick Mists long to conceal the Shore ;
Smooth

An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq; 253

Smooth was the Liquid Plain; the sleeping Wind;
More to the Sea, than to its Master, kind,
Detain'd a Treasure, which we value more
Than All the Deep e'er hid, or Waters bore,
But He, with a Superiour Genius born,
Treats Chance with Insolence, and Death with
Scorn;
Darkness and Ice in vain obstruct his way,
Holland is near, and *Nature* must Obey;
Charg'd with our Hopes the Boat securely rode,
For *Cæsar* and *his Fortune* were the Load.

With eager Transport *Belgia* met her Son,
Yet trembling for the danger He had run;
Till certain of her Joy, she bow'd her Head,
Confest her Lord, Blest his Return, and said,

If Passion by long Absence does improve,
And makes that Rapture which before was Love,
Think on my old, my intermitted Bliss,
And by my former Pleasure measure this;

Not

254 *An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq;*

Not by these feeble Pillars which I raise,
Unequal to sustain the Heroe's praise,
Too faint the Colours, and too mean the Art
To represent Your Glories, or my Heart:
These humble Emblems are design'd to show,
Not how we wou'd Reward, but what we Owe.
Here from your Childhood take a short Review,
How *Holland's* Happiness advanc'd with you;
How her stout Vessel did in Triumph ride,
And mock'd the Storms, while *Orange* was her
Guide.

What since has been our Fate—I need not say,
(Ill suiting with the Blessings of the day.)
Our better Fortune with our Prince was gone;
Conquest was only there where He led on.
Like the *Palladium*, wheresoe'er You go,
You turn all Death and Danger on the Foe.
In You we but too sadly understood
How Angels have their *Spheres* of doing Good;

Else

An Epistle to C. Mountague Esq; 255

Else the same Soul which did Your Troops possess,
And Crown'd their daring Courage with Success,
Had taught our Fleet to triumph o'er the Main,
And *Fleurus* had been still a guiltless Plain.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an Arm and Mind
Like Yours, shou'd be to time and place confin'd?
But Thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
For Thee our Councils, Thee our Armies wait;
Discording Princes shall with Thee combine,
And center all their Interests in Thine,
Proud of Thy Friendship, shall forego their Sway,
As *Rome* Her great Dictator did obey;
And all united make a *Gordian* knot,
Which neither Craft shall loose, nor Force shall cut.

As I have been thinking of you

and how much I have enjoyed

the time we have spent together

and how much I have enjoyed

the time we have spent together

and how much I have enjoyed

the time we have spent together

and how much I have enjoyed

the time we have spent together

and how much I have enjoyed

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A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Monsieur Boileau.

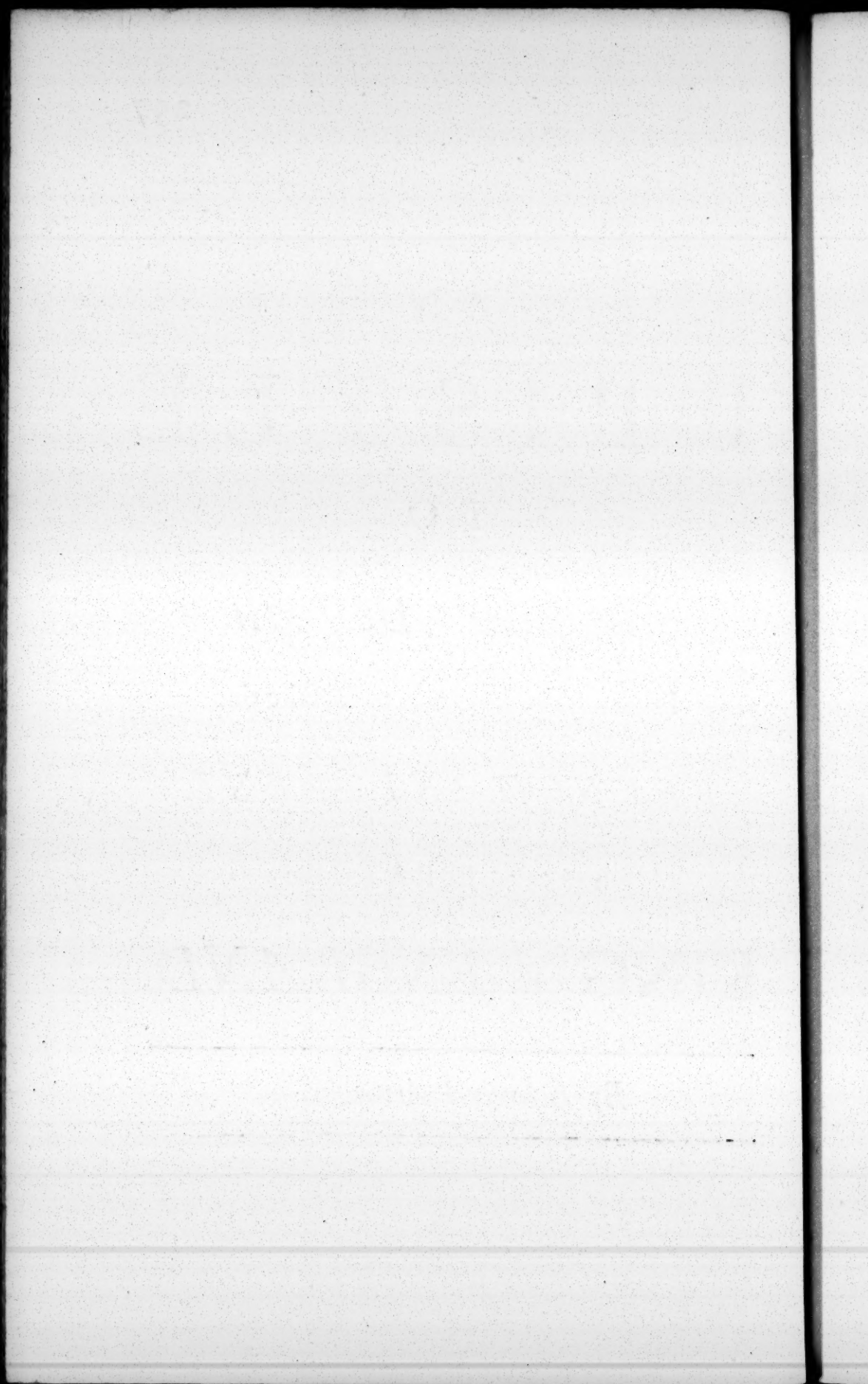
Inviting his MUSE to forsake the

FRENCH INTEREST,

And CELEBRATE the

KING of *ENGLAND.*

By Edmund Arwaker.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
Monsieur Boileau.

TOO long, Great Man, thy Muse has try'd
in vain

Thy Monarch's sinking Credit to sustain;

And thou too long hast mis-employ'd thy Pen,

To make the *worst* appear the *best* of Men;

A sullied Fame to brighten and refine,

That never did with real Lustre shine.

While, as one, flatter'd by too fair a Glass,

Views but the wanted Beauties of his Face;

So *Lewis*, in thy lofty Praise, does see

Not what he is, but what he wants to be.

And he must all his boasted Glories own,

Not from himself deriv'd, but thee alone;

260 *An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.*

Whose Muse so well does his mean Deeds rehearse,
That he becomes Immortal in thy Verse;
But to thy Verse no lasting Fame can give,
In recompence for what he does receive.
Leave, leave him then to raise his own Renown,
And win the Laurels that his Temples Crown;
A better Cause, and Nobler Subject chuse,
That may inspire, as it employs, thy Muse:
May with thy elevated Sense agree,
And copious as thy boundless Fancy be;
A Heroe, whose bright Fame may gild thy Bays,
And more thy Name, than thou his Glory raise.

See, see, his Conq'ring Sword Great *Nasav*
draws;

Not poorly Bribes, but Merits thy applause:
His brave Exploits afford thy Muse a Theme
Equal to that, as that is worthy them.
The Titles he, in Fame's Records does hold,
Are purchas'd by his Valour, not his Gold.

He

An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau. 261

He owes his Glory to Himself alone,
And Acquisition makes it all his own.

Whilst *Lewis* rarely does in Arms appear,
Nor then to Fight, but follow in the Rear:
Our *Monarch* charging in the Front we see;
None more Expos'd, none less Concern'd than He
Who lets his Soldiers on no Dangers go,
But what, as he Commands, he Leads them to:
Thus, taught by his Example to obey,
They bravely follow, as he shews the way.

Not so, your King; he still declines the Fight,
Nor shuns the Danger only, but its Sight;
Yet with unmerited Success grown vain,
He boasts of Conquests he did never gain.
His Breaches were from Golden Batt'ries made,
And our lost Towns not taken, but betray'd.
Thus when some Place by Purchase is made sure,
His Person, and his Honour too, secure,

262 *An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.*

Then the Triumphant Monarch takes the Field,
And gains the Town that waited so to yield.
This makes him with affected Greatness swell,
And boast his Arms as irresistible;
His Arches are by such Atchievements rear'd :
Thus *Lewis* Fights, and thus is to be Fear'd.

But since he finds the Scene is alter'd now,
And that his Treasure, as his Courage, low,
Will not the old prevailing Means afford,
That more enlarg'd his Conquests, than his Sword,
He forms no hopeless Siege, makes no Campaign,
From which he knows he shall no Honour gain :
But to the Field has wisely sent his Son,
To bear the blame of losing what he won ;
For all the Conquest he this Year can boast,
Is that in Running, his Success was most :
While *Hay's* reduc'd to serve its Native Lord ;
Not as 'twas lost, but storm'd with Fire and Sword ;

Which

An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau. 263

Which proves as irresistable a Pow'r
In *English* Courage, as *French* Gold before;
And that our *KING* all Conquest does despise,
Which any Price but glorious Danger buys.

Now the *French* Army, whose Renown we knew
More to its Numbers than its Brav'ry due;
Equall'd in Strength, in Valour is out-done,
And while *Huy* falls, stands tamely looking on:
So by Great *William's* Conqu'ring Arms dismay'd,
The Generals durst not venture to its Aid:
Happy they could their own Intrenchments keep,
Though dug, to suit their low-sunk Spirits, deep.
Yet scarce they lost their Apprehension there,
Nor as from Danger, were secur'd from Fear,
Till they, for greater Safety, left the Place,
Not loaden now with Trophies, but Disgrace;
Such Conquests *Lewis* this Campaign has won,
Such Triumphs Fate decreed his Glorious Son.

264 *An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.*

But since no Honours from the barren Field
He reaps, what Laure's did the Ocean yield?
That sure his ruin'd Credit will repair,
And own his long-pretended Power there.
But as if both the Elements agreed
From his Usurp'd Dominion to be freed,
The Sea no longer Tribute does afford,
But justly pays it to the Ancient Lord;
Whose conqu'ring Fleets assert their Native Right,
While the *French* Navy shuns the dreaded Sight,
And sees it self in its own Ports confin'd,
By Fear more pow'rful than an adverse Wind.
So when the scaly Sov'reign of the Seas,
Himself within his liquid Realm does please,
And with swift Finns ranges the Briny Flood;
To take his pastime there, or seek his Food;
His frighted Vassals hide their shining Heads
In the kind Covert of concealing Weeds.

Our floating Squadrons now their Right regain,
And unobstructed wanton through the Main,
Insult

An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau. 265

Insult the *Gallick* Coasts, and their just Rage
With Sacrifice of flaming Towns assuage:
Whose Sable Smoak, ascending to the Sky,
Mourns for the Structures that in Ashes ly.
While strange Confusion spread along the Shore,
Makes *England's* Power Rever'd as heretofore.

Nor does one Fleet alone her Fame advance ;
The Joys in *Spain* equal the Fears in *France*.
And *Barcellona* all Attempts defies,
While on our *Monarch's* Succour she relies,
And shelter'd by his Navy's spreading Wings,
She triumphs in the sure Defence it brings.
Thus *Spain*, by our *Elisa* shook before,
Is now supported by great *William's* Pow'r.
Then in his Praises let fam'd *Boileau* join,
And to his Side, like Victory, incline :
Whose daring Soul, and ever-conqu'ring Sword
Will endless Matter for thy Verse afford :

But

266 *An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau.*

But if thou wilt a servile Labour chuse,
Where *Arbitrary Pow'r* enslaves thy Muse;
And does thy Thoughts to narrow Bounds confine,
Which Heav'n for boundless Subjects did design:
Know, our fam'd Prince can his own Trophies raise,
And courts as little as he wants thy Praise.
Nor, if such Means his Glory could advance,
Wou'd he have need to be oblig'd to *France*;
Since his own Realms abound with Men of Sence,
And famous for Poetick Excellence.
Whose lofty Verse your humble Strain exceeds,
As much as his your meaner Patron's Deeds.
Witness the Muse that first in Songs Divine,
Describ'd his Fight and Conquest at the *Boyne*.
That which most pleas'd, was difficult to tell,
The Field so bravely won, or sung so well.
Witness that happy Pen that did relate
His Glorious Voyage to the *Belgick* State;
And gave the World a Proof with how much Fire
Our Poets Write, when them our Kings inspire.

An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau. 267

But our Great Monarch's Praises should no more,
Than his large Soul be bounded by our Shore;
Far as his Victories, his spreading Fame should
found

And be in every Tongue, as every Land Renown'd;
Then *Boileau*, let thy Muse begin her lofty Flight,
Tho she must still despair to reach the wondrous
Height.

A N

O D E

In Memory of Her Majesty
Queen *M A R Y*.

By a Person of Quality.

————— *Poema*
Est Pictura loquens.

I.

Long our divided State
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,
When One bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds
dispell'd,

And

An ODE in Memory of the Queen. 269

And all the Griefs of *Albion* Heal'd.

Her the United Land Obey'd,

No more to Jealousies inclin'd,

Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd.

She knew her Task, and nicely understood

To what Intention Kings are made,

Not for their own, but for their Peoples good :

'Twas that prevailing Argument alone,

Determin'd Her to fill the vacant Throne.

And yet with Sadness she beheld

A Crown devolving on her Head,

(By the Excesses of a Prince mislead)

When by her Royal Birth compell'd

To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,

(Tho' by a Servile Faction blam'd)

How graceful were the Tears she shed !

I I.

When waiting only for a Wind,
Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was Arm'd;
Here Ruling Arts in all their Lustre shin'd;
The Winds themselves were by her Influence
Charm'd:

Whilst Her Authority and Care supply'd
That Safety which the want of Troops deny'd,
Secure and undistur'd the Scene
Of *Albion* seem'd, and like Her Eyes, Serene:
Vain was th'Invader's Force, Revenge, and, Pride;
Maria Reign'd, and Heav'n was on our side.

The Sceptre, by Her Self unsought,
Gave double Proofs of Her Heroick Mind;
With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd;
So the Dictator, from Retirement brought,
Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* Alarm,
And then return'd contented to his Farm.

I I I.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
Accurst Disease, how long
Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
Rob'd of the Hopes and Comfort of their Age?
From the Unhappy Lover's side
How often hast thou torn the Blooming Bride!
Now like a Tyrant, rising by degrees
To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies,
Practis'd in Ruine for some * Ages past,
Thou hast brought forth a Gen'ral one at last!
Common Disasters Sorrow raise,
But Heav'ns severest Frowns amaze!
The QUEEN———a Word, a Sound,
Of Nations once the Hope, and firm Support;
Wealth of the needy, Guard of the Opprest,
The Joy of All, the Wisest and the Best;
A Name that Ecchoes did rebound

**The Small Pox is said to have Reign'd in England about 250 Years.*

272 *An ODE in Memory of*

With loud Applause from Neighb'ring Shores;

(Their Admiration, the Delight of Ours)

Becoms Unutterable now!

The Crowds in that defected Court

Where languishing *MARIA* lay,

Want Pow'r to ask the News they came to know;

Silent their prooping Heads they bow ;

Silence it self proclaims th' approaching Woe :

Ev'en He (*MARIA*'s latest Care)

Whom Winter Seasons nor *Contending *Jove*;

Nor watchful Fleets cold from his Glorious purpose move,

Intrepid in the Storms of War,

And in the midst of flying Deaths sedate,

Now Trembles, now He sinks beneath the mighty Weight,

The Heroe to the Man gives way.

Foul Weather.

IV.

Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey
To fierce Dissention, or Despotick Sway,
Redem'd from Anarchy to be Undone
By the mistaken Measures of the Throne;
Thy Monarchs meditating dark Designs,
Or boldly throwing off the Masque,
(Fond of the Pow'r, unequal to the Task)
Thy self without the least remaining signs
Of Ancient Virtue, so deprav'd,
As ev'n they wish'd to be Enslav'd,
What more than Humane Aid
Cold raise Thee from a State so low,
Protect Thee from thy Self, thy greatest Foe?
Something Cælestial sure, a Heroine
Of Matchless Form and a Majestick Mien;
By all Respected, Fear'd, but more Belov'd,
More than Her Laws, Her great Example mov'd:

T

The

274 *An ODE in Memory of, &c.*

The Bounds that in Her God-like Mind
Were to Her Passions set, severely shin'd,
But that of doing Good was Unconfin'd.

So Just, that absolute Command,
Destructive in another Hand,
In Hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful
made.

Oh! Had She longer staid!
Less swiftly to Her Native Heav'n retir'd,
For Her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung;
Th' Harmonious Nine could never have aspir'd
To a more Lofty and Immortal Song.

ON THE
Late Horrid Conspiracy.

By Mr. STEPNY.

THE *Youth whose Fortune the vast Globe
 obey'd,
 Finding his † Royal Enemy betray'd,
 And in his Chariot by || vile Hands oppress'd,
 With Noble Pity, and just Rage possess'd,
 Wept at his Fall from so sublime a State,
 And by the Traytor's Death reveng'd the Fate
 Of Majesty prophan'd——So acted too
 The gen'rous *Cæsar*, when the *Roman* knew
 A* Coward King had treacherously slain
 † Whom scarce He foil'd on the *Pharſalian* Plain.

* *Alexander.* † *Darius.* || *Bessus.* * *Proletny.* † *Pompey.*

276 *On the late Horrid Conspiracy.*

The Doom of his Fam'd Rival he bemoan'd,
And the base Author of the Crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous Maxims of the Great,
Free from the servile Arts of barb'rous Hate:
They knew no Foe, but in the open Field,
And to their Cause and to the Gods appeal'd.
So *WILLIAM* Acts——And if his Rivals dare
Dispute his Reign by Arms, He'll meet 'em there
Where *Jove*, as once on *Ida*, holds the Scale,
And lets the Good, the Just, and Brave, prevail.

PROLOGUE

To Oroonoko.

By an Unknown Hand.

AS when in Hostile times two Neighb'ring
States,
Strive by themselves and their Confederates;
The War at first is made with awkward Skill,
And Soldiers clumsily each other kill;
Till Time at length their untaught Fury tames,
And into Rules, their heedless Rage reclaims,
Then every Science by degrees is made
Subservient to the main destroying Trade:
Wit, Wisdom, Reading, Observation, Art,
A well turn'd Head to guide a generous Heart

So it may prove with our contending Stages,
If you will kindly but supply their Wages:
Which you with ease may furnish by retrenching
Your Superfluities of Wine and Wenching.
Who'd grudge to spare from Riot, and hard
Drinking,
To lay it out on means to mend his Thinking?
To follow such Advice, you shou'd have leisure,
Since what refines your Sense, refines your Pleasure.
Women grown tame by use, each Fool can get;
But Cuckolds all are made by Men of Wit:
To Virgin Favours Fools have no pretence;
For Maidenheads were made for Men of Sense.
'Tis not enough to have a Horse well bred,
To shew his Mettle, he must be well fed.
A Favour'd Poet, like a pamper'd Horse,
Will strain his Eye-balls out to win the Course.
Do you but in your Wisdom Vote it fit
To yield due Succours to this War of Wit,

The Buskin with more Grace shall tread the
Stage,

Love ligh in softer strains, Heroes less Rage.

Satyr shall show a Tripple row of Teeth,

And Comedy shall laugh your Fops to death.

Wit shall refine, and *Pegasus* shall foam,

And soar in search of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*.

And since the Nation's in the Conqu'ring Fit,

As you by Arms, we'll vanquish *France* by Wit.

The Work were over cou'd our Poets Write,

With half the Spirit that our Soldiers fight.

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

YOU see we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and
Arts,

To tempt your Favours, and regain your Hearts
We Weep and Laugh, join Mirth and Grief together,

Like Rain and Sun-shine mixt in *April* Weather.

Your different Tasts divide our Poets Cares ;
One foot the Sock, t'other the Buskin wears:

Thus

Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Volcins-like Hip-Hop in a single Boot.

Criticks, he knows, for this may Damn his Books,
But he makes Feasts for Friends, and not for Cooks.

Tho' Errant Knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to Ladies Errant kind.

To follow Fame Knights Errant make Profession

We Damsels fly to save our Reputation:

So they their Valour shew, we our Discretion.

To Lands of Monsters and fierce Beasts they go,

We to those Islands where rich Husbands grow;

Tho' they're no Monsters, we may make 'em so.

If they're of *English* growth, they'l beart with
Patience:

But save us from a Spouse of *Oroonoko's* Nations.

Then Bless your Stars, you happy *London*
Wives,

Who love at large each day, yet keep your
Lives;

Nor

Nor envy poor *Imoinda's* doating Blindness,
Who thought her Husband kill'd her out of
Kindness:

Death with a Husband ne'er had shewn such
Charms,

Had she once Dy'd within a Lover's Arms.

Her Errour was from Ignorance proceeding,

Poor Soul, she wanted some of our Town Breed-
ing.

Forgive this *Indian's* fondness of her Spouse ;

Their Law no Christian Liberty allows:

Alas! they make a Conscience of their Vows. }

If Virtue in a Heathen be a fault,

Then Damn the Heathen-School where she was
taught.

She might have learnt to Cuckold, Jilt, and Sham,

Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.

SONG.

S O N G.

By Sir George Etherege.

Tell me no more you Love; in vain,
 Fair *Celia*, You this Passion feign;
 Can they pretend to Love who do
 Refuse what Love perswades them to?
 Who once has felt his active Flame,
 Dull Laws of Honour will disdain;
 You wou'd be thought his Slave, and yet
 You will not to his Pow' er submit.
 More Cruel then those Beauties are,
 Whose Coyneſs wounds us to deſpair;
 For all the Kindneſs which you ſhew,
 Each Smile and Kiſs which you beſtow,

Are

Are like those Cordials which we give
To Dying Men, to make them Live,
And Languish out an Hour in pain:
Be Kinder, *Celia*, or Disdain.

T O

To Her EXCELLENCE, the
MARCHIONESS

O F

N E W C A S T L E,

After the Reading of Her Incomparable

P O E M S.

By the same Author.

Madam,

With so much Wonder we are struck,
 When we begin to Read your Match-
 less Book;

A while your own Excess of Merit stays
 Our forward Pens, and does suspend your Praise,
 Till

286 *To the Marchioness of Newcastle;*
Till Time our Minds does gently recompose,
Allays this Wonder, and our Duty shews,
Instructs us how your Virtues to proclaim,
And what we ought to pay to your Great Fame;
Your Fame, which in your Country has no
Bounds,
But wheresoever Learning's known, resounds.

Those Graces Nature did till now divide; °
Your Sexes Glory, and our Sexes Pride,
Are join'd in you, and all to you submit,
The brightest Beauty, and the sharpest Wit.
No Faction here, or fiery Envy sways,
They give you Myrtle, while we offer Bays.
What Mortal dares dispute those Wreaths with
You,
Arm'd thus with Light'ning, and with Thunder
too?

This

This made the Great *Newcastle's* Heart your
Prize ;

Your Charming Soul, and your Victorious Eyes,
Had only Pow'r his Martial Mind to tame,
And raise in his Heroick Breast a Flame ;
A Flame, which with his Courage still aspires,
As if Immortal Fuel fed those Fires :

This mighty Chief, and your Great Self made
One,

Together the same Race of Glory run ;
Together in the Wings of Fame you move,
Like yours, his Virtue: And like yours, his
Love.

While we your Praise endeav'ring to rehearse,
Pay that Great Duty in our Humble Verse ;
Such as justly move your Anger, You,
Like Heaven, forgive them, and accept them
too.

But

288 *To the Marchioness of Newcastle, &c.*

But what we cannot, your brave Heroe pays,
He Builds those Monuments we strive to Raise :
Such as to After-Ages shall make known,
While he Records your Deathless Fame, his own.
So when an Artist some rare Beauty draws,
Both in our Wonder share, and our Applause :
His Skill from Time secures the Glorious Dame,
And makes himself Immortal in her Fame.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE
TO
TARTUFFE,

Spoken by Himself.

By a Person of Honour.

MAny have been the vain Attempts of Wit
Against the still prevailing Hypocrite;
Once, and but once, a Poet got the day,
And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play;
But *Busie* rallying, Arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
Possess the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
To laugh at *English* Knaves is dangerous then,
While *English* Fools will think them Honest Men

But sure no zealous Brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.

A Man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,
There are Damn'd Rogues among the *French* and
Papist,

That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,
That Belch and Snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
That use t'enjoy the Creature, to express
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;
And in a decent way perform them too,

As well, nay better far, alas, than you;
Whose Fleshly Failings are but Fornication,
We Godly phrase it, Gospel-Propagation,
Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.

Zeal stands but Cent'ry at the Gate of Sin,
Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,
You march, and take Damnation by surprize.
There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town,
Can go far tow'rd Hell for Half a Crown,

As

As I for Six Pence, for we know the way;
For want of Guides, Men often go astray:
Therefore give way to what I shall advise,
Let every Marri'd Man, that's Grave and Wise,
Take a *Tartuff*, of known Ability,
To Teach, and to Instruct his Family;
Who may so settle lasting Reformation,
First get his Son, then give him Education.

T H E
Imperfect Enjoyment.

By Sir George Etherege.

After a pretty amorous Discourse,
She does resist my Love with pleasing
Force ;

Mov'd not with Anger, but with Modesty,
Against her Will she is my Enemy.

Her Eyes the rudeness of her Arms excuse,
Whilst those accept what these seem to refuse ;
To ease my Passion, and to make me Blest,
Th' obliging Smock falls from her Whiter Breast ;
Then with her lovely Hands she does conceal
Those Wonders, Chance so kindly did reveal ;

In

In vain, alas, her nimble Fingers strove
To shield her *Beauties* from my greedy Love;
Guarding her Breasts, her Lips she did expose,
To save a Lilly she must lose a Rose;
So many Charms she has in ev'ry place,
A Hundred Hands cannot defend each Grace.
Sighing, at length her Force she does recal,
For since I must have Part, she'll give me All.
Her Arms the joyful Conqueror embrace,
And seem to guide me to the sought-for place.
Her Love is in her sparkling Eyes express'd,
She falls oth' Bed for Pleasure more than Rest.
But Oh, strange Passion! Oh, Abortive Joy!
My Zeal does my Devotion quite destroy;
Come to the Temple, where I shou'd Adore
My Saint, I Worship at the Sacred Door;
Oh, cruel Chance! The Town which did oppose
My Strength so long, now yields to my Dis-
pose;

294 *The Imperfect Enjoyment.*

When overjoy'd with Victory, I fall
Dead at the foot of the Surrender'd Wall.
Without the usual Ceremony, we
Have both fulfill'd the Am'rous Mystery;
The Action which we shou'd have jointly done,
Each has unluckily perform'd alone;
The Union which our Bodies shou'd enjoy,
The Union of our eager Souls destroy.
Our Flames are punish'd by their own excess,
We'd had more Pleasure had our Loves been less;
She Blush'd and Frown'd, perceiving we had
done
The Sport, she thought, we scarce had yet be-
gun.
Alas, said I, Condemn your Self, not Me;
This is th' effect of too much Modesty.
Hence with that peevish Virtue, the Delight
Of both our Victories was lost i'th' Fight;

Yet

Yet from my Shame, your Glory does arise,
My Weakness proves the Vigour of your Eyes;
They did consume the Victim, e'er it came
Unto the Altar, with a purer Flame:
Phillis, let then this Comfort ease your Care,
Y'd been more Happy, had you been less Fair.

A
P R O L O G U E

Spoken at the Opening of the
Duke's New Play-House.

By the same Author.

T IS not in this, as in the former Age,
 When Wit alone suffic'd t'Adorn the
 Stage,
 When Things well said, an Audience cou'd invite,
 Without the hope of such a Gaudy Sight.
 What with your Fathers took, wou'd take with
 you,
 If Wit had still the Charm of being New;

Had

Had not Enjoyment dull'd your Appetite,
She in her homely Dress wou'd yet delight;
Such stately Theatres we need not raise,
Our Old House wou'd put off our dullest Plays.
You Gallants know, a fresh Wench of Sixteen,
May drive the Trade in *Honest Bombarine*,
And never want good Custom, shou'd she lie
In a Back-Room, Two or Three Stories high;
But such a Beauty as has long been known,
Though not decay'd, but to Perfection grown,
Must, if she mean to thrive in this lewd Town
Wear Points, Lac'd Peticoats, and a rich Gown,
Her Lodgings too, must with her Dress agree,
Be hung with Damask, or with Tapestry;
Have China, Cabinets, and a great Glass;
To strike Respect into an Am'rous Ass.
Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,
An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts.
Methinks 'tis hard our Authors shou'd submit
So tamely to their Predecessor's Wit,

Since

298 *Prologue at the Duke's New Play-House.*

Since I am sure among you there are few
Wou'd grant your *Grandfathers* had more than
you.

But hold ! I in this business may proceed too far,
And raise a Storm against our Theatre ;
And then what wou'd the wise *Adventurers* say, }
Who were in a much greater Fright to day, }
Than ever Poet was about his Play ? }

Our Apprehensions none can justly blame,
Money is dearer much to us than Fame :

This thought on, let our Poets justify
The Reputation of their Poetry ;

We are resolv'd we will not have to do
With what's between those Gentlemen and you.
Be kind, and let our House have but your Praise,
You're welcome every day to damn their Plays.

Falling

Falling in Love with a Stranger at a Play.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

Fair *Amarillis*, on the Stage whilst you
 Beheld a feigned Love, you gave a true;
 I, like a Coward in the Amorous War,
 Came only to look on, yet got a Scar;
 Fixt by your Eyes, I had no power to fly,
 They held me whilst you gain'd the Victory:
 I thought I safely might my Sight content,
 To which the power to Like (not Love) I lent;
 And if I ventur'd on some slight Discourse,
 It should be such as could no Passion nurse:
 Led by the treacherous Lustre of your Eyes,
 At last I play'd too near the Precipice:

Love

300 *Falling in Love with a Stranger, &c.*

Love came disguis'd in Wonder and Delight;
And I was Conquer'd e'r I knew him right;
Your Words fell on my Passion like those Showers
Which swell and multiply the rising Flowers;
Like *Cupid's* Self, a God and yet a Child,
Your Looks at once were awful, and yet mild:
Methoughts you blush'd, as Conscious of my
Flame,
Whilst your strict Virtue did your Beauty
blame:

But rest secure; y're from the Guilt as free,
As Saints Ador'd from our Idolatry;
And Love a Torment does for me prepare,
Beyond your Rigour, in my own Despair.

Indifference

Indifference Excused.

By the same Author.

LOve, when 'tis true, needs not the Aid
 Of Sighs nor Tears to make it known;
 And to convince the Cruel'st Maid,
 Lovers should use their Love alone :

Into their very Looks 'twill steal;
 And he that most will hide his Flame,
 Does in that Care his Pains reveal,
 Silence it self can Love proclaim.

This, *Aurelia*, made me shun
 The Paths that common Lovers tread,
 Whose guilty Passions are begun,
 Not in their Hearts, but in their Head.

I cou'd

I cou'd not Sigh, and with cross'd Arms
Lament your Rigour, and my Fate,
Nor tax your Beauty with such Charms
As Men Adore, and Women Hate:

But Careless Live, and without Art,
Knowing my Love you must have spy'd,
And thinking it a foolish part,
To strive to shew what none can hide.

To my Honoured Friend
Sir ROBERT HOWARD,
On his Excellent Poems.

By Mr. John Dryden.

AS there is Musick uninform'd by Art
In those wild Notes, which with a Merry
Heart

The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,
Who better taught at home, yet please us less:
So in your Verse, a native Sweetness dwells,
Which shames Composition, and its Art excels.
Singing, no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than Paint adds Charms unto a Beautous Face.

Yet

304 *To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems.*

Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
Their even Calmness does suppose them deep ;
Such is your Muse : No Metaphor swell'd high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the Sky ;
Those mounting Fancies, when they fall again,
Shew Sand and Dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet.
'Tis strange each Line so great a weight should
bear,

And yet no sign of Toil, no Sweat appear.
Either your Art hides Art, as *Stoicks* feign
Then least to feel, when most thy suffer pain ;
And we, dull Souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden Springs within the Engine be :
Or, 'tis some Happiness that still pursues
Each Act and Motion of your Graceful Muse.
Or is it Fortune's Work, that in your Head
The Curious*Net that is for Fancies spread,

*Rete Mirabile.

To Sir R. Howard on his Poems. 305

Lets through its Meshes every meaner Thought,
While rich *Idea's* there are only caught.

Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the Child of Chance, and not of Care.

No Atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a World.

Nor dare I such a Doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the Providence of Wit,
Tis your strong *Genius* then which does not feel
Those weights wou'd make a weaker Spirit reel:

To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your *Pegasus* can do.

Great *Hercules* himself cou'd ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those Heav'ns and Gods he bore.
Your easier Odes, which for Delight were penn'd,
Yet our Instruction make their second End:

We're both enrich' and pleas'd, like them that
Woe,

At once a Beauty, and a Fortune too.

306 *To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems.*

Of Moral Knowledge Poesie was Queen,
And still she might, had wanton Wits not been;
Who like ill Guardians liv'd themselves at large,
And not content with that, debauch'd their
Charge:

Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen
Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again;
And gives us hope, that having seen the Days
When nothing flourish'd but Phanatick Bays,
All will at length in this Opinion rest,
"A Sober Prince's Government is best.

This is not all; your Art the way has found
To make Improvement of the richest Ground,
That Soil which those Immortal Laurels bore,
That once the Sacred *Maro's* Temples wore.

Elisa's Griefs are so exprest by you,

They are too Eloquent to have been true.

Had she so spoke, *Aeneas* had obey'd

What *Dido*, rather than what *Jove* had said.

To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems. 307

If Funeral Rites can give a Ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's Shade may now its wandering cease,
And claim a Title to the Fields of Peace.
But if *Æneas* be oblig'd, no less
Your Kindness great *Achilles* doth confess;
Who dress'd by *Statius* in too bold a Look,
Did ill become those Virgin Robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your Numbers, with your Author's
view;
Then we shall see his Work was lamely rough,
Each Figure stiff, as if design'd in Buff;
His Colours laid so thick on every place,
As only shew'd the Paint, but hid the Face.
But as in Perspective we Beauties see,
Which in the Glass, not in the Picture be;
So here our Sight obligingly mistakes
That Wealth which his your Bounty only makes.

308 *To Sir R. Howard on his Poems.*

Thus vulgar Dishes are by Cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.
Your curious *Notes to search into that Age,
When all was Fable but the Sacred Page,
That since in that dark Night we needs must
stray,

We are at least misled in pleasant way.

But what we most admire, your Verse no less
The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.

E're our weak Eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of Light, you saw Great *Charles* his Morning
break.

So skilful Seamen ken the Land from far,
Which shews like Mists to the dull Passenger.
To *Charles* your Muse first pays her Dutious Love,
As still the Antients did begin from *Jove*.

**Annotations on Statius.*

With

To Sir R. Howard on his Poems. 309

With *Monck* you end, whose Name preserv'd
shall be,

As *Rome* Recorded **Rufus* Memory,

Who thought it greater Honour to Obey
His Countrey's Interest, than the World to sway.

But to Write Worthy Things of Worthy Men,
Is the peculiar Talent of your Pen :

Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I

Will venture in your Right to Prophesie.

"This Work, by Merit first of Fame secure,

"Is likewise Happy in its Geniture :

"For since 'tis Born, when *Charles* ascends the
"Throne,

"It shares, at once, his Fortune and its own.

**Hic situs est Rufus, qui pulso vindice quondam
Imperium afferuit non sibi sed Patriæ.*

To Mr. GRANVILLE,

On his Excellent TRAGEDY, call'd

HEROICK LOVE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Auspicious Poet, wert thou not my Friend,
 How could I envy what I must commend!
 But since 'tis Nature's Law in Love and Wit,
 That Youth shou'd Reign, and withering Age
 submit;
 With less Regret those Laurels I resign,
 Which dying on my Brows, revive on thine.
 With better Grace, an Ancient Chief may yield
 The long contended Honours of the Field,
 Than venture all his Fortune at a Cast,
 And Fight like *Hannibal* to lose at last

Young

To Mr. GRANVILLE, &c. 311

Young Princes, obstinate to win the Prize,
Tho yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:
Old Monarchs, tho successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a Peace, and Wisely turn Devout.
Thine be the Laurel then; thy blooming Age
Can best, if any can, support the Stage;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and Plays reduc'd to second Infancy:
Sharp to the World, But thoughtless of Renown,
They Plot not on the Stage, but on the Town;
And in Despair their empty Pit to fill,
Set up some Foreign Monster in the Bill.
Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving.
And mur'dring Plays, which they miscall, Re-
viving:
Our Sense is Nonsense through their Pipes con-
vey'd;
Scarce can a Poet know the Play he made,
T'is so disguis'd in Death; nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers in the mangled Tragedy.

312 To Mr. GRANVILLE, &c.

Thus *Ilys* first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own Sire, the Chief invited Guest.

I say not this of thy successful Scenes,
Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains;
With length of Time, much Judgment, and more
Toil,

Not Ill they Acted what they could not Spoil:
Their **Setting Sun* still shoots a glim'ring Ray,
Like Ancient *Rome*, Majestick in decay;
And better Gleanings Their worn Soil can boast,
Than the Crab-Vintage of the Neighb'ring Coast:
This difference yet the Judging Word will see,
Thou Copiest *Homer*, and they Copy Thee.

* Mr. Betterton.

Prologue to the Pilgrim.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW wretched is the Fate of those that write,
Brought Muzzled to the Stage for fear they
Bite.

Where, like *Tom Dove*, they stand the Common
Foe,

Lugg'd by the Critique, Baited by the Beau.
Yet worse, their Brother Poets Damn the Play,
And Roar the loudest, tho' they never Pay:
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd low Character — That's I.
He who writes Letters to himself, wou'd Swear
The World forgot him, if he was not there.
What shou'd a Poet do, 'tis hard for One
To pleasure all the Fools that wou'd be shown;
And yet not Two in Ten will pass the Town. }
Most Coxcombs are not of the Laughing kind;
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can find.

Quack

314 *Prologue to the Pilgrim.*

Quack *Maurus*, tho' he never took Degrees
 In either of our Universities,
 Yet to be shown by some kind Wit he looks,
 Because he plaid the Fool, and Writ three Books;
 But if he wou'd be worth a Poet's Pen,
 He must be more a Fool, and Write again;
 For all the former Fustain Stuff he wrote
 Was Dead-born Dogrel, or is quite forgot;
 His Man of *Uz*, stript of his *Hebrew* Robe,
 Is just the Proverb, and *As poor as Job*.
 One wou'd have thought he cou'd no lower jog,
 But *Arthur* was a Levil, *Job's* a Bog;
 There, tho' he crept, yet still he kept in sight,
 But here he Flounders in, and sinks down right:
 Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,
Tobit had first been turn'd to Ridicule:
 But our bold *Britton*, without Fear or Awe,
 O're-leaps at once the whole *Apocrapha*;
 Invades the *Psalms* with Rhymes, and leaves no
 room
 For any Vandal *Hopkins* yet to come.

But

But what if, after all, this Godly Geer
Is not so senseless as it wou'd appear?

Our *Mountebank* has laid a deeper Train,
His Cant, like Merry *Andrew's* Noble Vein,
Cat Calls the Sects to draw 'em in for Gain. }
At leisure Hours in Epique Song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his Coaches Wheels;
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by Rule,
But rides Triumphant between Stool and Stool.

Well, let him go, 'tis yet too early day,
To get himself a Place in Farce or Play:
We know not by what Name we should Arraign
him,

For no one Category can contain him;
A *Pedant*, *Canting Preacher*, and a *Quack*,
Are Load enough to break one Asses Back:
At last grown wanton, he presum'd to Write,
Traduc'd Two Kings, their Kindness to requite; }
One made the Doctor, and one Dubb'd the }
Knight.

EPILOGUE

By Mr. DRYDEN.

PErhaps the Parson stretch'd a Point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a War;
He tells you, That this very Moral Age
Receiv'd the first Infection from the Stage;
But sure a banish'd Court with Lewdness fraught,
The Seeds of open Vice, returning, brought.
Thus Lodg'd, (as Vice by great Example thrives)
It first Debauch'd the Daughters and the Wives:
London, a fruitful Soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a Crop of Horns before.
The Poets, who must live by Courts, or Starve,
Were proud, so good a Government to serve;

And

And mixing with Buffoons and Pimps Profane,
 Tainted the Stage for some small snip of Gain:
 For they, like Harlots under Bawds profest,
 Took all the ungodly Pains, and got the least.
 Thus did the driving Malady prevail,
 The Court its Head, the Poets but the Tail:
 The Sin was of our Native Growth, 'tis true,
 The Scandal of the Sin was wholly new;
 Misses there were, but Modestly conceal'd,
White-Hall the naked *Venus* first Reveal'd,
 Who standing, as at *Cyprus* in her Shrine,
 The Strumpet was Ador'd with Rites Divine.
 Ere this, if Saints had any secret Motion,
 'Twas Chamber-Practice all, and close Devotion.
 I pass the *Peccadillo's* of their Time,
 Nothing but open Lewdness was a Crime.
 A Monarch's Blood was venial to the Nation,
 Compar'd with one foul Act of Fornication.
 Now they wou'd silence us, and shut the Door,
 That let in all the bare-Fac'd Vice before.

As

To the Memory of
Mr. *D R Y D E N*.

IF Generous Gratitude could e'er excuse
The Sallies of a long neglected Muse,
Mine pleads that Cause alone, and so should be
From Censure, or malicious Pity free:
For all the Pleasures she from *Dryden* knew
She pays this Tribute, and she thinks it due.

Still had she slept, unmov'd by all beside,
No Rhimes attempted, and no Numbers try'd,
If to another Man he could impart
His real Nature, and his wondrous Art:
Both did *He* temper right, and raise from thence
Unrival'd Numbers, and unequall'd Sence.

Most

320 *To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.*

Most that remain (for so to me they seem)
Are but the Shadows, and the Ghosts of Him:
Some few, it is confest, have gain'd their Cause,
And justify'd their Merit by Applause;
'Tis true, their Diction's good, their Stile is clear,
And Art and Labour through the whole appear;
But let us search 'em well, where shall we find
His Force of Thought, His Energy of Mind?
The Words that move us with mysterious Charms
The Soul that actuates, and the Fire that warms?
A Ghost sometimes appears to mortal View,
And bears the shape of Humane kind, but not
the Substance too.

Words are like Colours in two Artists Hands,
Of different Skill, where each the best Commands:
One Paints and Pleases, but the Pleasure lies
Not in the Mind, but only in the Eyes;
The Colours, justly mixt, delude the Sight,
And, Gayly shining, give a false Delight;

For

To the Memory of Mr. Dryden. 321

For far from thence is Honest Nature chas'd,
Asham'd to see her self so much disgrac'd.

Not so the other, whose superior Art
To lifeless Colours can a living Soul impart:
Bold are his Stroaks, but manag'd still with Care,
For Nature always claims the better share;
Colours, Proportion, Distance are combin'd
To please the Sight, and Strength to charm the
Mind.

Yet not the Best a full Perfection gain'd,
But in one Province still the Painter reign'd:
Water and *Land* a different Master own,
And *History* is always found alone:
Peculiar Hands give *Trees* and *Flow'rs* the best,
The *Mimick* Drolls below, distinguish'd from the
rest.

322 *To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.*

Our wond'rous Bard, whose comprehending Soul
Could reach All Nature, and describe Her Whole;
To single Beauties scorn'd to be confin'd,
But show'd the Vigor of extensive Mind.
In all the nice Proportions We behold,
Like *Angelo* correct, like *Titian* bold.

If homely Cots, or humble Shepherds Ways }
Employ'd his Muse, how calmly did they please, }
And sink our Passions to a rural Ease !
Or when He sung th' Excesses of the Great,
High Palaces, the trifling Pomp of State,
Th' ungovern'd Soul, her Reason laid aside,
Took the fond Hint, and was debas'd to Pride.
Landskip in all its various Face He show'd, }
Here winding Rivers thro' the Meadows flow'd, }
And there the fruitful Trees complain'd th' un- }
equal Load ;

Here

To the Memory of Mr. Dryden. 323

Here Mountains rise aloft, and dare the Sky,
There dreary Caves the Face of Nature fly;
Here Night a pleasing Horror does display,
And with its gloomy Charms excels the Day;
There the bright Morn expands its radiant Wings,
And gives new Vigor with the Light it brings;
His Universal Muse with equal Ease
Could paint, or dismal Storms, or calmest Seas,
The Miseries of War, and Joys of Peace.

But what nor Paint can tell, nor Pencil reach,
His larger Genius could divinely teach;
Describe the inner Passions of the Man,
And show the Steps from whence they first began.

Love He describ'd, tho' different are its Ways,
How the first flutt'ring pain disturbs our Days,
And gives our Nights but half their usual Ease;

324 *To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.*

Then our kind Thoughts improve the Passion
high'r,

'Tis restless Rage, 'tis covetous Desire,
And Love unbounded, and impetuous Fire;
Till at the last with Extasy we find
Extreamest Pleasures in one moment joyn'd,
And Joys immense, which leave all other Joys
behind.

*O *Antony!* how nobly dost thou charm?
O *Cleopatra!* how dost thou disarm
The roughest Spirits, and the coldest warm?
Nor shall †she pass unmention'd, who maintain'd
The Cause of Love, and show'd her Love
unfeign'd;
Who scorn'd t'excuse what she with Reason
fought,
A certain Pleasure, and imagin'd Fault,

* *All for Love, or the World well lost.*

† *Sigismonda in Dryden's Fables.*

To the Memory of Mr. Dryden. 325

But boldly urg'd the Argument the shou'd,
Th' Impulse of Nature, and the Force of Blood.
So did He move the Soul, so touch the Heart
With Virgin Passions, not debauch'd by Art.

Thus could He talk of Love, and Lovers Deeds,
Yet give a Loose to Rage, and manly Rage succeeds.

His Satyr free, impartial and severe,
At once gave Pleasure, and created Fear ;
Who would not read what He so justly writ ?
But who would be the Subject of his Wit !

Could but our modern Satyrists have known
His way of Satyr, they'd despise their own :
Soon would they see the Sharpest Muse disclaims
Ill manner'd Language, and opprobrious Names ;
That fordid Railing is the poor Retreat
Of angry Malice, or unmanly Wit.

326 *To the Memory of Mr. Dryden.*

He shows, what we from him alone can feel,
Satyr may bite, and yet may be genteel.

Audacious Fancy fain would hurry on,
And tread those Paths which Reason ought to
shun;

For *Homer* and the *Mantuan* are in View,
A dangerous Chace, nor must *my Muse* pursue:

O'er steepy Hills, tremendous to the Sight,
Their fiery Coursers kept an equal Flight,
His close pursu'd, nor fear'd the dismal Height.

My humble Muse looks upwards with Despair
Admires their strength, but wonders how they
dare

Attempt the Regions of the upper Air.

Suffice it Her to say, He never fail'd

Wherever His adventrous Muse assail'd,

And All attempting, He in All prevail'd.

What

To the Memory of Mr. Dryden. 327

What more had He to do! his conqu'ring
Lays

Were above Censure, and commanded Praise;
Secure of Fame He laid the Laurel down,
Enough distinguish'd by his Sence alone;
And smil'd to see, with a disdainful Air,
Contending Rhymers use their utmost Care
To reach that Bays they want the Head to bear. }

Fatigu'd with Life, with Pleasure He retir'd
From the vain World, both Envy'd and Admir'd.

A N
O D E

In Imitation of

— *Quid Bellicosus Cantabor, &c.*
Hor. Od. 11. Lib. 2.

By Mr. John How.

WHAT is't to us, who guides the State,
Who's out of Favour, or who Great;
Who are the Ministers and Spies,
Who votes for Places, or who buys?
The World will still be rul'd by Knaves
And Fools contending to be Slaves;

Small

Small Things, my Friend, serve to support
Life, troublesome at best, and short:
Our youth runs back, occasion flies,
Grey Hairs come on, and Pleasure dies.
Who would the present Blessings lose
For Empires which he cannot use?
Kind Providence has us supply'd
With what to others is deny'd,
Virtue, which teaches to condemn
And scorn ill Actions and ill Men.
Beneath this Lime-Tree's fragrant shade,
On Beds of Flowers suipinely laid,
Let's then all other Cares remove,
And Drink and Sing to those we Love.
Here's to *Næra*, Heaven design'd
Perfection of the Charming Kind,
Whose Beauty, Voice, and wondrous Wit
Lays all Adoring at her Feet,
Makes Angels envy, Nature vain,
And me delight in hopeless pain.

May

May she be Blest, as she is Fair,
And Pity me has I Love her;
The rest let's leave to th' unseen Powers;
This Moment and this Glass is ours.

THE

THE
PLATONICK.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

F^{AIR} *Octavia*, you are much to blame,
To blow the fire, and wonder at the flame.
I did converse, 'tis true, so far was mine ;
But that I Lov'd, and hop'd, was wholly thine ;
Not hop'd, as others do, for a Return,
But that I might without offending burn.
I thought those Eyes which every hour enslave,
Could not remember all the Wounds they gave:
Forgotten in the Crowd, I wisht to lie,
And of your Coldness, not your Anger, die ;
Yet since you know I Love, 'tis now no time
Longer to hide, let me excuse the Crime ;

Seeing

Seeing what Laws I to my Passion give,
Perhaps you may consent that it should live.

For, First, It never shall a hope advance
Of waiting on you, but by seeming chance;
I at a distance will Adore your Eyes,
As awful *Persians* do the Eastern Skies:
I never will presume to think of Sex,
Nor with gross Thoughts my Deathless Love
perplex:

I tread a pleasant Path without design;
And to thy Care my Happiness resign:
From Heaven it self thy Beauty cannot be
A freer Gift, than is my Love to Thee.

T O A

Devout Young Woman.

By the same Author.

P*Hillis*, this mighty Zeal asswage,
You over-act your part;
The Martyrs at your tender Age,
Gave Heaven but half their Heart.

Old Men (till past the Pleasure) ne'er
Decaim against the Sin,
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at Fifteen.

The

334 *To a Devout Young Woman.*

The World, to Youth, is too severe,
And like a Treacherous Light,
Beauty the Actions of the Fair
Exposes to their fight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by't too;
Wise Combinations seldom miss,
Let's try what we can do.

S O N G

S O N G.

By the same Author.

WHEN *Aurelia* first became
The Mistress of his Heart,
So mild and gentle was her Reign,
Thyrfis, in hers, had part.

Reserves and Care he laid aside,
And gave his Love the Reins;
The headlong Course he now must bide,
No other way remains.

At first her Cruelty he fear'd,
But that being overcome,
No Second for a while appear'd,
And he thought all his own:

He

He call'd himself a happier Man
Than ever Lov'd before;
Her Favours still his Hopes out-ran,
What Mortal can have more?

Love smil'd at first, then looking grave,
Said, *Thyrsis*, leave to boast;
More joy than all her Kindness gave,
Her Fickleness will cost.

He spoke; and from that fatal time,
All *Thyrsis* did, or said,
Appear'd unwelcome, or a Crime,
To the Ungrateful Maid.

Then he despairing of her Heart,
Would fain have had his own.
Love answered, Such a Nymph could part
With nothing she had won.

On the Lamented

DEATH

Of the Late

Countess of DORSET.

By N. Tate, Servant to His Majesty.

HOME, *Shepherds*, to your Cottages retire,
Your *Dorset* Mourns; no more the Pipe
inspire.

Your Mirth is done, your Care is vain; what
need

To tend those Flocks, that will no longer Feed?

Nature her self concern'd for Him appears,

Sables for his and her lost Darling wears,

She Sighs in Storms, and Weeps in Seas of
Tears.

Ev'n Earth that does the precious Relicks shroud,
Laments the Treasure that shou'd make he^r
Proud:

Along exempted from the gen'ral Care,
The Skies rejoice to have regain'd their Star.

Profane Disease: The Crime had been too
great,

In only Batt'ring of so fair a Seat!

Which spightfully thou quite hast undermin'd,
Because the bright Remains would still have
shin'd:

So Envious *Rome* no Method cou'd employ
Fair *Carthage* to Subdue, but to Destroy.

Mute are the Groves, where Happy Shep-
herds sung,

And *Philomel* once more has lost her Tongue;
The Palm and Myrtle Glades no longer please:
Cypress and Yew are now the only Trees.

The ruthfull'st Objects, most Endearments have,
The Uncouth Vale delights, and gloomy Cave }
Can please, because it represents the Grave. }
Tears our Refreshment are, our sole Relief,
To give Despair free scope,
To set the Sluces ope,
And rowl with the Impetuous Tide of Grief.

Let the next Age the costly Tomb prepare,
To her shrin'd Image come, and seek her there;
The Present rears, beyond the Pow'r of Art,
A breathing Monument in ev'ry Heart.

What Rhet'rick can divorce, what Charms
of Verse,
The Sighing Mother from her Darling's Hearse?
To trace her Features, and her Virtues paint,
In Form an Angel, as in Life a Saint;
Are Themes ill suited to a Parent's Grief,
The Food of Sorrow, an unkind Relief:

One only Sov'reign Balm sick Nature bears,
 A Sympathizing Royal Mourner's Tears:
 Though Gods, nor Goddesſes, may Fate reverse,
 Our Goddeſs Weeping Conſecrates the Hearſe.

Behold, forlon the Muſes Patron laid,
 With Mourning *Cupids* in the Cypreſs ſhade;
 Of Fate, nor cruel Skies, he once complains,
 But inwardly the Conflict deep ſuſtains,
 The ſtrugling Tumult in his Breſt reſtrains.

O DORSET, cou'd our Worthleſs Life
 pretend
 (Whoſe Comforts only on thy Smiles depend)
 To Bribe thy Griefs, how pleas'd cou'd we reſign
 Our Breaths, compounding for one Pang of thine.
 Our Uſeleſs Breaths are tender'd now in vain,
 Since Tuneful Notes no more muſt cheer the Plain,
 Let Numbers ceaſe, for whom ſhou'd they relieve,
 That can no Comfort to their Patron give?

Yet

Yet, *DORSET*, Live, in pity to the Age,
That to Condole thy Loss forgets its Rage;
The Impious Age still from one Crime is free,
Mad with Intestine Strife, we all agree,
As in Admiring in Lamenting Thee!

Let those dear Pledges Intercede at least,
The Living Relicks of the Fair Deceas'd;
Till Infant Beauty to full Bloom arrives,
The Mother's Virtues, and her Charms revives:
Till Dawning *Buckhurst* to his Zenith rise,
And gild (like you) and warm our Northern Skies.
Till then Indulge our dearest Wishes scope,
Next Age's *DORSET*, *Britain's* second Hope.

TO
CHLORIS.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

C*hloris*, I cannot say your Eyes
Did my unwary Heart surprize,
Nor will I swear it was your Face,
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace;
For you are so entirely Fair,
To Love a part, injustice were;
No drowning Man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop;
So when the Stars in Heaven appear,
And joyn to make the Night look clear;

The Light we no one's Bounty call,
 But the united work of all ;
 He that both Lips, or Hands adore,
 Deserves them only, and no more ;
 But I Love all, and every part,
 And nothing less can ease my Heart.

Cupid that Lover weakly strikes,
 Who can express what 'tis he likes,

S O N G

By the same Author.

A *Urelia*, Art thou mad
To let the World in me
Envy Joys I never had,
And censure them in Thee.

Fill'd with grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise,
And the Banquet boldly taste,
Since we have paid the price.

Love does easie Souls despise,
Who lose themselves for Toys,
And Escape for those devils,
Who taste his utmost Joys.

To

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
Like theirs a Folly is,
Who are for vain Swearing Damn'd,
And knew no higher Blifs.

Love should like the Year be Crown'd,
With sweet variety ;
Hope should in the Spring be found
Kind Fears, and Jealousie.

In the Summer Flowers should rise,
And in the Autumn Fruit ;
His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,
And in a Scoff Salute.

SONG.

By the same Author.

LOVE still has something of the Sea,
From whence his Mother rose;
No time his Slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their Thoughts repose:

They are becalm'd in clearest Days,
And in rough Weather tost;
They wither under cold Delays,
Or are in Tempests lost.

Once while they seem to touch the Port,
Then straight into the Main,
Some angry Wind, in cruel sport,
Their Vessel drives again.

At

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falshood soon appear
In a more dreadful Shape.

By such degrees to Joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the Sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis Cruel to prolong a Pain;
And to defer a Bliss;
Believe me, gentle *Hermoine*
No less Inhumane is.

An Hundred Thousand Oaths your Fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a Thousand Years,
I cou'd no deeper Love.

'Tis

'Tis fitter much for you to guess,
Than for me to explain ;
But grant, O grant that Happiness
Which only does remain.

A DIA-

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
AMINTAS and *CELIA*.

By the same Author.

Celia. **A** *Mintas*, I am come alone,
According as I said;
But whither is thy Honour flown?
I fear I am betray'd;
Thy Look are chang'd, and in the place
Of Innocent Desires,
Methinks I see thy Eyes and Face
Burn with unusual Fires.

Amintas.

Amintas. Sees not my *Celia* Nature wear
One Countenance in the Spring,
And yet another Shape prepare,
To bring the Harvest in?
Look on the Eagle, how unlike
He to the Egg is found,
When he prepares his Pounce to strike
His Prey against the ground.
Fears might my Infant Love become;
'Twere want of kindness now,
Should Modesty my Hope benum,
Or check what you allow.

Celia. *Amintas*, hold, What could you worse
To worst of Women do?
Ah! How could you a Passion nurse
So much my Honour's Foe?

Amintas.

Amintas. Make not an Idol of a Toy,
Which every breath can shake,
Which all must have, or none enjoy,
What course so e'er we take,
Whil'st Women hate, or Men are vain,
You cannot be secure;
What makes my *Celia* then a pain
So fruitless to endure?

Celia. Could I the World neglect for Thee,
Thy Love, though dear it cost,
In some unkind Conceit of me,
Would be untimely lost;
Thou would'st thy own Example fear,
And every heedless word
I chance let fall beyond thy Care,
Would some new doubt afford.

Amintas

Amintas. If I am Jelous, 'tis because
I know not where you Love;
With me fulfil Love's gentle Laws,
And all my Fears remove.

Celia. Women, like things at second hand,
Do half their Value lose;
But whilst all Courtship they withstand,
May at their Pleasure chuse.

Amintas. This were a fine Discourse, my
Dear,
If we were not alone;
But now Love whispers in my Ear,
There's somewhat to be done.
She said, she never would forgive:
He Kissing, swore she should;
And told her she was mad to strive
Against their Mutual Good.

What

What farther past, I cannot tell,
But sure not much amiss ;
He vow'd he Lov'd her dearly well,
She answer'd with a Kiss.

Z

THE

THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF
JEREMIAH.

By Mrs. Wharton.

CHAP. I.

The ARGUMENT.

Verse 1, *The Miserable Estate of Jerusalem, by reason of her Sin.* 12. *She Complaineth of her Grief.* 18. *And confesseth God's Judgments to be Righteous.*

1. **H**OW doth the Mournful Widow'd
City bow ?

She that was once so great : Alas, how low ?

Once fill'd with Joy, with Desolation now.

2. Tears

The Lamentations of Jeremiah. 355

2. Tears on her Cheeks, and Sables on her
Head;

She mourns her Lovers lost, and Comforts Dead

Alas, alas, lost City, where are those,

So proud once to be Friends, now turn'd her
Foes ?

3. *Judah* is gone; alas, to Bondage gone,
Amongst the Heathen *Judah* mourns alone,
Griev'd, and in Servitude, she finds no rest,
Follow'd by none but those by whom oppress.

4. The Feasts of *Zion*, no one now attends,
Unhappy *Zion*, destitute of Friends :
Her Priests still Sigh, and all her Virgins Mourn,
Because her Gladness finds now no Return.

5. Her Enemies are great, and ever nigh,
Still Fortunate, because her Crimes were high :

Z 2

Her

356 *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

Her Captiv'd Children, still her guilt upbraid,
Who Mourn, whilst their Insulting Foes Invade.

6. Her Beauty which excell'd, is now no more
That brightness which all Nations did Adore;
Her Princes are like hunted Harts become,
Breathless and Faint, whilst the Pursuit goes on:
Alas for *Zion*, all their Strength is gone.

7. *Jerusalem* then thought upon the Hour
When she was Crown'd with Peace, Delight,
and Power;
Thoughts once so Joyful, Mournful now and
Vain,
The Foe Insults, whilst she no help sustains,
Mocking both at her Sabbaths and her Pains.

8. Her Crimes have caus'd her to be far re-
mov'd,
Jerusalem, who was so well belov'd.

All

The Lamentations of Jeremiah. 357

All those who in her Pride admir'd her Fame,
Despise her now, because they've seen her Shame:
Sighing she turns away, with shame distressed,
Amaz'd, Despis'd, Deserted and Opprest.

9. Circl'd with Guilt and Shame, she cannot fly,
Her Comforts far remov'd, her End too nigh;
She vainly thinks, on that 'tis now too late,
Behold those Grievs, which no one can repeat,
Her Fall is steep, and all her Foes are great.

10. Her Sanctuary is by them betray'd,
All her Delights they carelessly invade,
Even the Heathen, of whom God had said,
They should not in her Holy Temple tread.

11. Her hungry People sigh, and give away
For Bread, their Treasures, lest their Lives decay.
Consider, Lord, see her with Cares bow'd down,
For I am Vile, and *Zion* left alone.

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12. All you who pass this way, behold and see,
Are my Griefs small? Do others grieve like me?
Are not these Sorrows, under which I bow,
With which the Lord hath brought my Soul so
low?

Turn back and Mourn with me, because my Lord
In his fierce Anger doth no Peace afford.

13. He from above hath Flames and Horror
sent,
Circling my Soul with Pain and Discontent;
His Snares, alas, my weary Feet betray,
Whil'st Desolate and Faint, I Mourn all Day
For Zion lost, her Glory thrown away.

14. Our Sins have brought those Chains which
his Command
Hath fastn'd now (who can his Power with-
stand?)

Now they are link'd by his Almighty Hand. }
The

The Lamentations of Jeremiah. 359

The Lord forsakes, and I am now the Scorn
Of Enemies, because of God forlorn :
He was my Strength, and now, alas, 'tis gone. }

15. My Mighty Men are all by him cast down,
They're crush'd by numbers, and I'm left alone
Whilst silently thy Virgin Daughters Mourn,
Unhappy Mournful *Judah* left Forlorn.

16. For this I Weep , and waste my self in
Tears,
Because her Help's far off, and Sorrow's near :
Ah, wretched *Judah*, where is now thy hope ?
Thy Foes still triumph whilst thy Children
droop.

17. *Zion* spreads forth her Arms to be reliev'd,
But who can Comfort whom the Lord hath
Griev'd?

360 *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

Her Enemies' encrease and flourish still,
By his Command, by his all-powerful Will.
Ah, wretched City, scorn'd and sham'd by all,
Who can enough lament thy dreadful Fall?

18. Yet he is Just; for I am Guilty found:
The Lord, with Righteousness is always Crown'd.
Ye that pass by, see me with Sorrows Drown'd,
My weight of Sin hath press'd me to the Ground.
Who is it now my Freedom can restore?
My Youth and Captive Virgins are no more.

19. I call'd for all my Friends, but they were
gone;
Friendship grows cold, when Misery comes on:
With Hunger pin'd, my Priests and Rulers Dy'd,
Within my walls perish'd my Strength and Guide.

20. My Crimes were great, so are my Sorrows
Behold, my Lord, see the Afflicted bow; (now,
Abroad

The Lamentations of Jeremiah. 361

Abroad th'unwearied Sword bereaves of Breath,
And Grief at Home is a more Cruel Death.

21. All round me hear my Sighs, and see my
Tears,

Whilst there is none that can relieve my Cares:

My Foes hear, and rejoyce at what is done:

But Thou wilt surely, Lord, at last return,
And then the Enemy, like me, will Mourn. }

22. Their Crimes are great, turn, Mighty
Lord, and see,

Afflict 'em then, as thou Afflictest me.

My Grievs are great, turn therefore and relent;

My Sighs are many, and my Heart is Faint.

TO

T O
C E L I A.

By an Unknown Hand.

A L L things submit themselves to your
Command,

Fair *Celia*, when it does not Love withstand ;
The Power it borrowed from your Eyes alone,
All but himself would yield to, who has none;
Were he not blind, such are the Charms you
have,

He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave;
Be proud to act a Mortal *Hero's* Part,
And throw himself, for Fame, on his own Dart.

But

But Fate hath otherwise dispos'd of things,
In different Bonds Subjecting Slaves and Kings.
That Fate (like you, resistless) does ordain
That Love alone should over Beauty Reign.
By Harmony the Universe does move ;
And what is Harmony, but Mutual Love ?
See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged Banks on either side,
Whil'st in their Chrystal Stream at once they
show,
And with them feed the Flowers which they
bestow ;
Though prest upon by their too rude Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their pace
To their Lov'd Sea; for even Streams have
Desires,
Cool as they are, they feel Love's Pow'rful
Fires,
And with such Passion, that if any Force
Stop, or molest 'em in their Am'rous Course,
They

They swell with Rage, break down, and ravage o'er

The Banks they Kifs'd, the Flowers they fade before.

Who would resist an Empire so Divine,

Which Universal Nature doth enjoyn?

Submit then *Celia*, e're you be reduc'd :

For Rebels Vanquisht once, are vilely us'd.

And such are you, when e're you dare obey

Another Passion, and your Love betray.

You are Love's Citadel, by you he reigns,

And his proud Empire o'er the World maintains;

He trusts you with his Stratagems and Arms,

His Frowns, his Smiles, and all his Conquering Charms,

Beauty's no more but the dead Soil which Love Manures, and does by wise Commerce improve;

Sailing by Sighs, through Seas of Tears, he sends

Courtship from Foreign Hearts, for your own

Ends

Cherish

Cherish a Trade ; for as with Indians we
 Get Gold and Jewels for our Trumpery ;
 So to each other, for their useleſs Toys,
 Lovers afford Inestimable Joys.
 But if you're fond of Trifles, be, and Starve ;
 Your Gugaw Reputation preſerve;
 Live upon Modesty and Empty Fame,
 Foregoing Senſe, for a Fantastick Name.

SONG

S O N G.

By a Person of Honour.

AS he lay in the Plain, his Arm under his
Head,

And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* said,
If Love's a Sweet Passion, why does it Torment?
If a Bitter (said he) whence are Lovers Content?
Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I com-
plain,

Or grieve at my Fate, when I know, 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both Wounds me, and Tickles
my Heart.

To my self I sigh often, without knowing why;
And when Absent from *Phillis*, methinks I could
Die;

But

But Oh ! what a Pleasure still follows my Pain ;
When kind Fortune do's help me to see her again.
In her Eyes (the bright Stars that foretel what's
to come,)

By soft stealth now and then I examine my Doom.
I press her Hand gently, look languishing down,
And by Passionate Silence I make my Love known.
But Oh ! how I'm Blest, when so kind she do's
prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her Love ;
When in striving to hide , she reveals all her
Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare
Name.

A
S O N G.

By Mrs. Wharton.

HOW hardly I conceal'd my Tears?
How oft did I complain ,
When many tedious Days my Fears
Told me I Lov'd in vain ?

But now my Joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd :
Sorrow may make a silent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell

I tell it to the Bleating Flocks,
To every Stream and Tree,
And Bless the Hollow Murmuring Rocks,
For Ecchoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much Joy
We Want, we Wish, Believe;
'Tis hard such Passion to Destroy,
But easie to Deceive.

ON THE
DEATH
 OF
Mr. Abraham Cowley,
 AND HIS
BURIAL
In Westminster Abbey.

By the Earl of Orrery.

OUR Wit, till *Cowley* did its lustre raise,
 May be resembled to the first Three Days,
 In which did shine only such streaks of Light
 As serv'd but to distinguish Day from Night :

But

On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley. 371

But Wit breaks forth in all that he has done,
Like Light when 'twas united in the Sun.

The Poets formerly did lie in wait
To rifle those whom they would imitate :
We Watch'd to rob all Strangers when they writ;
And learnt their Language but to steal their Wit:
He from that Need his Country does redeem,
Since those who want may be supply'd from him:
And Foreign Nations now may borrow more
From *Cowley*, than we could from them before :
Who though he condescended to admit
The *Greeks* and *Romans* for his Guides in Wit;
Yet he those Ancient Poets does pursue,
But as the *Spaniards* great *Columbus* do ;
He taught them first to the New World to steer,
But they possess all that is precious there.

When first his Spring of Wit began to flow,
It rais'd in some, Wonder and Sorrow too,
A 2 2 That

372 *On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley.*

That God had so much Wit and Knowledge
lent,

And that they were not in his Praises spent.

But those who in his *Davideis* look,
Find they his *Blossoms* for his *Fruit* mistook ;
In diff'ring Ages diff'rent Muses shin'd,
His Green did Charm the Sense, his Ripe the
Mind.

Writing for Heaven, he was inspir'd from
thence,

And from his Theam deriv'd his Influence.
The Scripture will no more the Wicked fright;
His Muse does make Religion a Delight.

Oh how severely Man is us'd by Fate!
The Covetous toil long for an Estate ;
And having got more than their Life can spend,
They may bequeath it to a Son, or Friend:
But

On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley. 373

But Learning (in which none can have a share,
Unless they climb to it by Time and Care,
Learning, the truest Wealth which Man can
have)

Does, with his Body, perish in his Grave :
To Tenements of Clay it is confin'd,
Tho' 'tis the Noblest Purchase of the Mind :
Oh, why can we thus leave our Friends possess'd
Of all our Acquisitions but the best :

Still when we study *Cowley*, we lament,
That to the World he was no longer lent ;
Who, like a Lightning, to our Eyes was
shown,
So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.
Sure he rejoyc'd to see his Elame expire,
Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher ;
Eor when wise Poets can no higher flie,
They would, like Saints, in their perfection die.]

374 *On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley,*

Though Beauty some Affection in him bred,
Yet only Sacred Learning he would wed;
By which th'illustrious Off-spring of his Brain,
Shall over Wit's great Empire ever Reign:
His Works shall Live, when Pyramids of Pride
Shrink to such Ashes as they long did hide.

That Sacrilegious Fire (which did last Year
Level those Piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that Majestick Church to flie,
Where *English* Kings, and *English* Poets lie:
It at an awful distance did expire,
Such pow'r had Sacred Ashes o'er that Fire;
Such as it durst not near that Structure come
Which Fate had order'd to be *Cowley's* Tomb;
And'twill be still preserv'd, by being so,
From what the rage of future Flames can do.
Material Fire dares not that place infest,
Where he who had immortal Flame does rest.

There

On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley. 375

There let his Urn remain; for it was fit
Amongst our Kings to lay the King of Wit :
By which the Structure more renown'd will
 prove
For that part bury'd, than for all above.

ON THE
DEATH
OF

King *CHARLES II.*

Writ at that Time,

By the Right Honourable
Charles Montague, *Baron Halifax.*

Farewel, Great *Charles*, Monarch of Blest
Renown,

The best Good Man, that ever fill'd a Throne :
Whom Nature, as her highest Pattern wrought,
And mixt both Sexes Vertues in one Draught.

Wisdom

On the Death of King Charles II. 377

Wisdom for Councils, Bravery in War,
With all the mild Good-nature of the Fair.

The Woman's Sweetness temper'd Manly Wit,
And Loving Power did Crown'd with Meek-
ness fit ;

His awful Person Reverence engag'd,
Which mild Address and Tenderness asswag'd:
Thus the Almighty Gracious King above,
Does both command our Fear , and win our
Love.

With Wonders born, by Miracles preserv'd,
A Heavenly Host the Infant's Cradle serv'd,
And Men His healing Empire's Omen read,
When *Sun* with *Stars*, and *Day* with *Night*,
agreed.

His Youth for valourous Patience was renown'd,
Like *David*, persecuted first, then Crown'd.
Lov'd in all Courts, admir'd where e'er he came,
At once our Nation's Glory, and its Shame :
They

378 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

They blest the *Isle*, where such great Spirits
dwell,

Abhorr'd the Men, that could such Worth expel.

To spare our Lives, He meekly did defeat

Those *Sauls*, whom *wand'ring Asses* made so
great:

Waiting, till Heaven's Election should be shown,

And the *Almighty* should his *Unction* own;

And down He did---His powerful Arm display'd,

And *Israel*, the Belov'd of *God*, obey'd :

Call'd by His Peoples Tears, He came, He eas'd

The groaning Nation, the black Storms appeas'd :

Did greater Blessings, than He took, afford,

England it Self, was more, than He, Restor'd.

Unhappy *Albion*, by strange Ills oppress'd,

In various Feavers tost, could find no rest :

Quite spent and wearied, to His Arms She fled,

And rested on His Shoulders, her fair bending

Head.

In

On the Death of King Charles II. 379

In Conquests Mild, He came from Exile
kind,

No Crimes, no Provocations, chang'd His Mind:

No Malice shew'd, no Hate, Revenge, or Pride,

But *Rul'd* as *Meekly*, as His *Father Dy'd*;

Eas'd us from endless Wars, made Discords cease,

Restor'd to Quiet, and maintain'd in Peace:

A mighty Series of new Time began,

And rowling Years in joyful Circles ran.

Then Wealth the City, Business fill'd the Port,

To Mirth our Tumults turn'd, our Wars to sport:

Then Learning flourish'd, blooming Arts did
spring,

And the glad *Muses* prun'd their drooping wing.

Then did our *flying Towers* Improvement know,

Who *now* Command as far as Winds can blow.

With Canvas Wings round all the Globe they
fly,

And, built by *Charles* His Art, all Storms defie:
To

380 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

To ev'ry Coast with ready Sails are hurl'd,
Fill Us with Wealth, and with our Fame the
World :

From whose Distractions Seas do us divide ;
Their Riches here in floating Castles ride.
We reap the swarthy *Indian's* Sweat and Toil,
Their Fruit, without the Mischiefs of their Soil.
Here in cool Shades their Gold, and Pearls receive,

Free from the heat, which does their lustre give.
In *Persian* Silks, eat *Eastern* Spice ; secure
From burning Fluxes, and their Calenture.
Under our Vines upon the peaceful Shore,
We see all *Europe* tost, hear Tempests roar :
Rapine, Sword, Wars, and Famine rage abroad,
While *Charles* their Host, like *Jove* from *Ida*,
aw'd ;

Us from our Foes, and from our selves did shield,
Our Towns from Tumults , and from Arms the
Field.

For

On the Death of King Charles II. 381

For, when bold Factions *Goodness* could disdain,
Unwillingly He us'd a straiter Reign:
In the *still gentle Voice* He lov'd to speak,
But could with Thunder harden'd Rebels break.
Yet though they wak'd the Laws, His tender
Mind

Was undisturb'd, in wrath severely Kind.
Tempting His Power, and urging to assume ;
Thus *Jove* in Love did *Semele* consume.
As the stout *Oak*, when round his Trunk the
Vine

Does in soft wreaths, and amorous foldings twine,
Easie and slight appears : The Winds from far
Summon their noisie Forces to the War ;
But though so gentle seems his outward form,
His hidden strength outbraves the loudest Storm:
Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field,
Showing stout Minds, when unprovok'd, are
mild.

So

382 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

So when the *Good Man* made the Crowd pre-
sume,

He show'd himself, and did the *King* Assume :

For Goodness in Excess may be a Sin,

Justice must tame, whom *Mercy* cannot win.

Thus Winter fixes the unstable Sea,

And teaches restless Water constancy,

Which under the warm influence of bright days,

The fickle motion of each Blast obeys.

To bridle Factions, stop Rebellion's course,

By easie Methods, vanquish without Force.

Relieve the Good, bold stubborn Foes subdue,

Mildness in Wrath, Meekness in Anger shew,

Were Arts, Great *Charles* His Prudence only
knew.

To fright the Bad thus awful *Thunder* rolls ;

While the bright *Bow* secures the Faithful
Souls,

Such

On the Death of King Charles II. 383

Such is thy Glory, *Charles*, thy lasting Name,
Brighter than our proud *Neighbour's* guilty
Fame:

More noble than the Spoils, that Battels yield,
Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.

'Tis less to Conquer, than to make Wars cease,
And without fighting awe the World to Peace:
For proudest Triumphs from Contempt arise,
The vanquish'd first the Conquerours Arms
despise.

Won Ensigns are the gaudy marks of Scorn,
They brave the Victor first and then adorn.
But peaceful Monarchs Reign like Gods; while
none

Dispute, all Love, Bless, Reverence their Throne.
Tygers, and Bears, with all the Savage Host,
May Boldness, Strength, and daring Conquest
boast;

But

384 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

But the sweet Passions of a Generous Mind,
Are the Prerogative of Humane-kind,
The Godlike Image, on our Clay imprest,
The Darling Attribute, which Heaven loves best.
In *Charles*, so good a *Man* and *King*, we see
A double Image of the Deity.

Oh! Had He more resembled It! Oh why
Was He not still more like; and could not die?
Now do our Thoughts alone enjoy His Name,
And faint *Ideas* of our Blessing frame!

In *Thames*, the Ocean's Darling, *England's* Pride,
The pleasing Emblem of his Reign does glide.
Thames, the Support and Glory of our Isle,
Richer than *Tagus*, or *Ægyptian Nile*.

Though no rich Sand in him, no Pearls are
found,

Yet Fields rejoyce, his Meadows laugh around;
Less Wealth his Bosom holds, less guilty Stores,
For he exhausts himself, t'enrich the Shores:
Mild,

On the Death of King Charles II. 385

Mild, and Serene, the peaceful Current flows,
No angry Foam, no raging Surges knows.
No dreadful Wreck upon his Banks appears,
His Chrystal Stream unstain'd by Widow's
Tears,

His Channel strong and easie, deep and clear.
No Arbitrary Inundations sweep
The Plowman's Hopes, and Life into the deep,
The Even Waters the old Limits keep.
But oh! He Ebbs, the smiling Waves decay,
(For ever, Lovely Stream, for ever stay!)

To the black Sea his silent course does bend,
Where the best Streams, the longest Rivers end.
His spotless Waves there undistinguish'd pass,
None see how Clear, how Bounteous, Sweet
He was.

No difference, now, (though late so much) is
seen,

'Twixt Him, fierce *Rhine*, and the Impetuous
Seyne.

B B

But

386 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

But lo! The Joyful Tide our Hopes restores,
And dancing Waves extend the wid'ning Shores.
JAMES is our *CHARLES* in all things but
in Name :
Thus *Thames* is daily lost, yet still the same.

ON

ON THE
MARRIAGE
OF the LADY
MARY
WITH
The Prince of ORANGE.

By Edmond Waller, *in the Year 1677.*

AS once the Lyon Honey gave,
Out of the Strong such Sweetness came;
A Royal Hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this Sweet, this Lovely Dame.

To her the Prince, that did oppose
Such Mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from prevailing Foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not *Belgia's* Fleet (his high Command)
Which Trimumphs where the Sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her Conquering Eyes.

Orange with Youth Experience has,
In Action Young, in Counfel Old :
Orange is what *Augustus* was,
Brave, Wary, Provident and Bold.

On that fair Tree, which bears his Name,
Blossoms and Fruit at once are found :
In him we all admire the same,
His Flow'ry Youth with Wisdom Crown'd.

Empire

Empire and Freedom Reconcil'd,
In *Holland* are, by Great *Nassaw*,
Like those he sprung from, Just and Mild,
To willing People he gives Law.

Thrice happy Pair, so near Ally'd
In Royal Blood, and Virtue too ;
Now Love has you together ty'd,
Let none this Tripple Knot undoe.

The Church shall be the happy place,
Where Streams which from the same Source run,
(Tho' divers Lands a while they grace)
United there again make one.

A thousand Thanks the Nation owes
To *Him* that does protect us all,
For while he thus his *Niece* bestows,
About our Isle he builds a Wall.

A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
By th'Oracle's Advice, of Wood:
Had theirs been such, as *Charles* has made,
That Mighty State till now had stood.

O N

Reading Mr. *Waller's*

P O E M S.

INhumane *Sacharissa*! not to love
 The Man, whose Verse wou'd Rocks to pity
 move :

Er'e since *Amphion* Sung, *they* Sense retain,
 And *Verse* may soften all things but *Disdain*.
 As *Him* the pointed Lightning of *your Eyes*,
 Me the bright Beauties of *his Wit* surprize.
 In vain like *Him* I sigh, in vain I mourn,
 For *Waller's Muse* has *Sacharissa's Scorn*.

T O A
L A D Y:
W I T H
Milton's Paradise Lost.

SEE here how bright the First-born Virgin
shone !

And how the first Fond Lover was undone !

Such powerful Words our Charming Mother
spoke,

As *Milton's* are, and such as *Yours* her Look.

Your's the best Copy of th'Original Face,
Whose Beauty was to furnish all her Race.

Your Charms no Author can escape but he ;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

I N

I N

Imitation of *Milton*.

———*Sing Heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.*

H Appy the Man, who void of Cares and
Strife,

In Silken or in Leathern Purse retains

A splendid Shilling : he nor hears with pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale ;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise
To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs ;
Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Am'rous Flames,
Chloe or *Phillis* ; he each Circling Glass
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.

Mean

Mean while he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
 But I whom griping Penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
 With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
 (Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain :
 Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
 In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
 As Winter's Chimney, or well-polish'd Jett,
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smoaks *Cambro Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
 Full famous in Romantick tale) when he
 O're many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town

Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Massic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.

Thus while my joyless hours I lingring spend,
With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dun*,
Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Citadel ascends;

With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound;
What shou'd I do, or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly

Of VVoodhole; streight my bristling hairs erect,
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
So horrible he seems; his faded Brow

Entrench'd with many a Frown, and *Conic* Beard
And spreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint
Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right hand
Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves.

VVith

396 *In Imitation of Milton.*

With Characters and Figures dire inscribed,
 Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
 Such plagues from righteous men) behind him
 Another Monster, not unlike himself, (stalks
 Of Aspect fullen, by the Vulgar called
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magic Charms
 Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm
 Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, streight his Body to the touch
 Obsequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charms
 In durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of Money, *Pallas* set the Captive free.
 Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken,
 This Caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 VVith

With his unhallow'd touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
An everlasting Foe, with watchful eye
Lyes nightly brooding o're a chinky gap,
Portending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
Sure Ruin So her disembowell'd web,
The *Spider* in a Hall or Kitchin spreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: she secret stands
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey
Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable: nor will ought avail
Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue,
The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So

398 *In Imitation of Milton.*

So pass my days, But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th'inclement Air
 Perswades Men to repel benumbing Frosts,
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of lovely friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious Night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling stream,
 Or Lover pendent on a Willow tree:
 Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, in vain, my parched Throat
 Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
 But if a Slumber haply do's invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy still awake,
 Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
 Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale.

Awake,

Awake, I find the settled Thirst——
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, John Apple, nor the Downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay ;
Afflictions great, yet greater still remain,
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,
By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)
A horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
Wide discontinueous ; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or through the *Egean* Deep,

Or

400 *In Imitation of Milton.*

Or the *Ionian*, till Cruising near
The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla* or *Charibdis* dangerous Rocks
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless overwhelming; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their eyes appears, (pray:
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
Vain Efforts, still the battering Waves rush in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

A SONG.

A
S O N G.

I.

WHat! put off with One Denial?
And not make a Second Tryal?
You might see my Eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting:
Women oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly storms.

II.

Lovers, when you Sigh and Languish;
When you tell us of your Anguish;

406 *In Imitation of Milton.*

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When you tell us of your Anguish;

C c

To

To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
When those Sorrows you are easing :
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never with the Foe should spare.

A
S O N G.

By Mr. Cheek.

B Right *Cynthia's* Power, Divinely Great ;
What Heart is not Obeying ?
A Thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are Playing.

She seems the Queen of Love to reign,
For she alone dispences
Such Sweets as best can entertain
The Gust of all the Sences.

C c z

Hec

Her Face a Charming Prospect brings;
Her Breath gives Balmy Blissess :
I hear an Angel when she Sings,
And taste of Heaven in Kisses.

Four Sences thus she Feasts with Joy,
From Nature's chieftest Treasure :
Let me the other Sence employ,
And I shall dye with Pleasure.

THE

T H E
A D V I C E.

Address'd to a Friend.

I.

V V Hat has this Life to make it worth our
Care ?

What mighty Charms can wretched We descry
Which can so great a Plague so much endear,
Or so ignobly make Us fear to dye?

II.

If We by various *Passions* are distrest,
And daily toss'd in Life's tempestuous Seas,
Why should We thus the friendly Dart detest,
And fly the Blessing which affords Us Ease?

III.

Fierce *Anger*, sordid *Fear*, and deep *Despair*,
With all the Passions which degrade the Man;
All these We can with servile Patience bear,
And, tho' compleatly Wretched, still live on.

IV.

Or else, perhaps, We *Love*; the charming Pain
Detains Us Slaves to what will plague Us most:
O! how we fondly hug th'ignoble Chain?
Till Reason is in Folly's Mazes lost!

V.

Ev'n, *Freedom*, We survive the Loss of Thee,
Thou chiefest Blessing which Mankind can know,
When, if We will our selves, We may be Free,
And soar above the Skies, and see the Earth
below.

Con-

VI.

Condemn'd to *Scorn*, to *Poverty* and *Shame*,
 Despis'd by All, or pity'd, which is Worse;
 If We *but* Live, if We *but* Breathe, We name
 That Life *one* Blessing; tho'our greatest Curse.

VII.

The *Gout*, the *Stone*, like Martyrs We endure,
 Those Torments which our dear-bought Plea-
 sures give,
 With all the Tortures which attend their Cure
 We freely bear, and all in hopes to Live.

VIII.

Our Ease is transient, and our Hopes as vain;
 With Force renew'd the Ambush'd Foe returns,
 The poor Diseas'd finds, with redoubled Pain,
 The Cure and the Disease torment by turns.

IX.

But tho' unshaken Reason does proclaim,
That there's Eternal Ease among the Dead;
We quake, We sicken at the Bug bear Name,
And Fear almost performs the work we dread.

X.

Tell me, deluded Mortals, tell me this,
Why we who are expos'd to Fortunes Harc,
Who see no Prospect of advancing Blifs,
Should drag a Life, and love th'oppressive
(Weight

XI.

Come then, my Friend, with equal Cares distrest,
Thou too kind Partner of resistless Grief,
Let's on to Death, the surest Way to rest,
And court the fancy'd Tyrant for Relief.

THE

THE
S P L E E N :

A
Pindarique O D E.

By a L A D Y.

VV Hat art thou, *Spleen*, which every thing
do'st ape ?

Thou *Proteus* to abus'd Mankind,
Who never yet thy hidden Cause cou'd find,
Or fix Thee to remain in one continu'd shape ;
Still varying thy perplexing Form,
Now a dead Sea thou'lt represent
A Calm of stupid Discontent,
Then dashing on the Rocks wilt rage into a Storm:
Trem-

Trembling sometimes thou dost appear,

 Dissolv'd into a panick Fear.

On Sleep intruding do'st thy Shadows spread,

 Thy gloomy Terrors round the lent Bed,

And crowd with boding Dreams the melancholy
 Head.

Or when the mid-night Hour is told,

And drooping Lids thou still do'st waking hold,

 Thy fond Delusions cheat the Eyes ;

 Before 'em antick Spectres dance,

Unusual Fires their pointed Heads advance,

 And airy Phantoms rise.

Such was the monstrous Vision seen,

When *Brutus* (now beneath his Cares oppress'd,

And all *Rome's* Fortunes rolling in his Breast,

 Before *Philippi's* latest Field

Before his Fate did to *Octavius* yield)

Was vanquish'd by the *Spleen*.

Falsty

II.

Falsly the mortal part we blame
Of our depress'd and pond'rous Frame,
Which, till the first degrading Sin
Let Thee, its dull attendant, in ;
Still with the other did comply;
Nor clogg'd the active Soul, dispos'd to fly,
And range the Mansions of its native Sky :
Nor whilst in his own Heaven he dwelt,
Whilst Man his Paradise posselt,
His fertile Garden in the fragrant East,
And all united Odours smelt.
No pointed Sweets until thy Reign
Cou'd shock the Sense, or in the face
A flush, unhandsome Colour place :
Now the *Jonquil* o'recomes the feeble Brain,
We faint beneath the Aromatick pain,
Till some offensive Scent thy Powers appease
And Pleasure we resign for short and nauseous
(Ease.
New

III.

New are thy Motions, and thy Dress,
In every one thou do'st possess :
Here some attentive secret Friend
Thy false Suggestions must attend,
Thy whisper'd Grievs, thy fancy'd Sorrows hear,
Breath'd in a Sigh, and witness'd by a Tear :
Whilst in the light and vulgar Crowd
Thy Slaves more clamorous and loud,
By laughter unprovok'd thy Influence too confess.
In the imperious *Wife* thou Vapours art,
Which from o're-heated Passions rise
In clouds to the attractive Brain,
Until descending thence again
Thro' the o'recast and showring Eyes,
Upon the Husband's softned Heart,
He the disputed Point must yield,
Something resign of the contested Field;

Till

'Till Lordly Man, born to Imperial Sway,
Compounds for Peace to make his Right away,
And Woman arm'd with *Spleen* do's servilely obey.

IV.

The Fool, to imitate the VVits,
Complains of thy pretended Fits;
And Dulness, born with him, wou'd lay
Upon thy accidental Sway;
Because thou do'st sometimes presume
Into the ablest Heads to come,
That often Men of Thoughts refin'd,
Impatient of unequal Sense,
Such slow Returns, where they so much dis-
pense,
Retiring from the Crowd, are to thy Shades
confin'd.
In me, alas! thou dost too much prevail,
I feel thy force, while I against thee rail?
I feel my Verse decay, and my cramp'd Numbers
fail.

Through

Through thy black Jaundies I all Objects see,
 As dark and terrible as Thee;
 My Lines decry'd, and my Imployment thought
 An useless Folly, or presumptuous Fault;
 While in the Muses Paths I stray,
 While in their Groves, and by their Springs,
 My Hand delights to trace unusual things,
 And deviates from the known and common way:
 Nor will in fading Silks compose,
 Faintly th'inimitable Rose:
 Fill up an ill-drawn Bird, or paint on Glass
 The Sovereigns blur'd and undistinguish'd Face,
 The threatening Angel, and the speaking Ass.

V.

Patron thou art of every gross abuse,
 The sullen *Husband's* feign'd excuse,
 When the ill humour with his Wife he spends,
 And bears recruited Wit and Spirits to his Friends.

The

The Son of *Bacchus* pleads thy Power,
As to the Glass he still repairs,
Pretends but to remove thy Cares;
Snatcht from thy Shades one gay and smiling hour,
And drown thy Kingdom with a Purple Show'r.
When the Coquet whom every Fool admires,
Wou'd in variety be fair,
And shifting hastily the Scene,
From light impertinent and vain,
Assumes a soft and melancholy Air,
And of her Eyes rebates the wand'ring Fires,
The careless Posture, and the Head reclin'd;
The thoughtful and composed Face
Proclaiming the withdrawn and absent Mind,
Allows the Fop more liberty to gaze;
Who gently for the tender Cause enquires:
The Cause indeed is a defect in Sense;
But still the *Spleen's* alledg'd, and still the dull
Pretence.

But

VI.

But these are thy fantastick Harms,
 The tricks of thy pernicious Rage,
 Which do the weaker fort engage;
 Worse are the dire effects of thy more powerful
 Charms.

By Thee, Religion, all we know
 That should enlighten here below,
 Is veil'd in darkness, and perplex
 With anxious Doubts, with endless Scruples vex,
 And some restraint imply'd from each perverted
 Text.

Whilst Taste not, Touch not what is freely given,
 Is but the Niggard's Voice disgracing bounteous
 Heaven:

From Speech restrain'd by thy deceits abus'd,
 To Desarts banish'd, and in Cells reclus'd;
 Mistaken Votaries to the Powers Divine,
 While they a purer Sacrifice design
 Do but the *Spleen* adore, and worship at thy Shrine.
 In

VII.

In vain to chase Thee, every Art we try;
In vain all Remedies apply;
In vain the *Indian* Leaf infuse,
Or the parch'd Eastern Berry bruise;
Some pass in vain those Bounds, and nobler
Liquors use.
Now Harmony in vain we bring,
Inspire the Flute, and touch the String;
From Harmony no help is had;
Musick but soothes Thee, if too sweetly sad;
And if too light, but turns Thee gayly mad.
Not skilful *Lower* thy Source cou'd find,
Or through the well-dissected Body trace
The secret and mysterious Ways,
By which thou do'st destroy and prey upon the
Mind;

Tho' in the Search, too deep for humane
Thought,

With unsuccessful Toil he wrought,

'Till in pursuit of Thee himself was by Thee
caught;

Retain'd thy Prisoner,thy acknowledg'd Slave,
And sunk beneath thy Weight to a lamented
Grave.

A
Prospect of DEATH :
A Pindarique ESSAY.

*--Sed Omnes una manet Nox,
Et Calcanda semel via Lethi. Hor.*

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after Death
Our State no alteration knows ;
But when we have resign'd our Breath,
Th'Immortal Spirit goes
To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes :
Wise is that Man, who labours to secure
The Mighty, and Important Stake ;
And by all Methods strives to make
His Passage safe, and his Reception sure.

D d z

Meerly

Meerly to dye, no Man of Reason fears ;

For certainly we must,

As we are born, return to Dust :

'Tis the last Point of many ling'ring Years.

But whither then we go,

Whither, we fain wou'd know :

But humane Understanding cannot show.

This makes us tremble, and Creates

Strange Apprehensions in the Mind ;

Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates,

Concerning what, we, living, cannot find.

None know what Death is , but the Dead :

Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,

As a strange doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,

And scarce have one black painful Hour to live;

No Hopes, no Prospect of a kind Reprieve,

To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb ?

How

A Prospect of Death. 421

How moving, and how mournful is the sight;
How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous sad;
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing
flight?

Feeble, and languishing in Bed we lye;
Despairing to Recover, void of Rest;
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to dye:
Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,
With mighty Agonies and mighty Pains oppress.

III.

Our Face is moistned with a clammy Sweat:
Faint and irregular the Pulses beat.
The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat,
Our dying Eyes rowl heavily about,
Their Light's just going out;

And for some kind Assistance call;

But pity, useless pity's all

Our weeping Friends can give,

Or we receive :

Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are small.

The Tongue's unable to declare,

The Pains, the Grievs, the Miseries we bear :

How insupportable our Torments are.

Musick no more delights our deafning Ears,

Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears.

But all is melancholy, all is sad,

In Robes of deepest Mourning clad.

For every Faculty, and every Sense

Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

Then we are sensible too late,

'Tis no advantage to be Rich, or Great :

For all the fulsome Pride, and Pageantry of State

No

No Consolation brings.

Riches and Honours then are useless Things,

Tasteless or bitter all ;

And like the Book which the Apostle eat,

To the ill-judging Palate sweet,

But turn at last to Nauseousness and Gall.

Nothing will then our drooping Spirits cheer.

But the remembrance of good Actions past.

Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last,

And makes pale Death less terrible appear.

Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.

In the dark Anti-chambers of the Grave,

What would we give, e'en all we have,

All that our Care and Industry had gain'd,

All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd;

Could we recal those fatal Hours again,

Which we consum'd in senseless Vanities,

Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Ease;

For then they urge our Terrors, and encrease our

Pain.

V.

Our Friends stand weeping by,
Dissolv'd in Tears to see us dye,
And plunge into the deep Abyſs of wide Eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their Sorrows cannot our's relieve;
They pity our deplorable eſtate ;
But what, alas ! can Pity do,
To ſoften the Decrees of Fate ?
Beſides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.
All their Endeavours to preſerve our Breath,
Tho' they do unſucceſſful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly they love;
But cannot cut off the Entail of Death.
Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed.
One with officious haſte,
Brings us a Cordial, we want ſenſe to taſte;
Another ſoftly raiſes up our Head :

This

This wipes away the Sweat, that sighing cries,
See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies,
Both Soul and Body undergo,
His Pains no intermission know ;
For every gasp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.
Each would his kind assistance lend,
To serve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend ;
But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.

VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries adieu,
Adieu, my Child, now I must follow you;
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our Sons, who in their tender Years
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,
Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry,
Bless us, O Father! now before you dye;
Bless us, and be you blest to all Eternity.

Our

Our Friend, whom equal to our selves we love,
Compassionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind,
Without me fly to the blest Seats above ?
Without me, did I say ? Ah, no !
Without thy Friend thou canst not go ;
For tho'thou leav'st me groveling here below,
My Soul with Thee shall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit company,
Thro'the bright passage of the yielding Sky.
Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy self shall be
Incapable to seperate
(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)
My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend and me.
But since it must be so, farewell,
For ever; No ! for we shall meet agen,
And live like Gods, tho'now we dye like Men,
In the Eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell.

The

VII.

The Soul unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal strife,
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterscarps of Life ;
By slow degrees retires towards the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort,
With all the kind Artilleries of Art
Botanick Legions guarding every part.
But Death, whose Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Seige disdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Batalions to the Fray,
And in a mintue storms the feeble Citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a solid peace :
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be.

For

For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,
And we believe no Danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
His Troops return some unexpected way,
While in the soft Embrace of Sleep we lye,
The secret Murderer Stabs us, and we dye.

VIII.

Since our first Parents fall,
Inevitable Death descends on all;
A portion none of humane Race can miss.
But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
The Fears of Misery, or certain Hopes of Bliss :
For when the Impenitent or Wicked dye
Loaded with Crimes and Infamy ,
If any Sence at that sad time remains,
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains ,
The Earnest of that vast stupendious Woe,
Which they to all Eternity must undergo ;
Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains.

Infernal

Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like ravenous Wolves to seize upon their Prey,
And hurry the desperate Souls away
To the dark Receptacles of Despair,
Where they must dwell till that tremendous
day,
When the loud Trump shall call 'em to appear
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe :
By whose just Sentence they must go
To everlasting Pains, and endless Woe ;
Which always are extream, and always will be so.

IX.

But the good man, whose Soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular and free
From all the ugly stains of Lust, and Villany ;
Of Mercy and of Pardon sure,
Looks thro the darkness of the gloomy Night,
And sees the dawning of a glorious Day ;
Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey

His Soul, when e're she takes her flight
 To the surprizing Mansions of immortal Light
 Then the Cœlestial Guards around him stand:
 Nor suffer the black *Demons* of the Air
 T'oppose his passage to the Promis'd Land
 Or Terrify his Thoughts with wild Despair;
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
 His Prayers, his Charity, his Virtues press
 To plead for Mercy when he wants it most;
 Not one of all the happy Number's lost:
 And those bright Advocates ne're want Success.
 But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality:
 She mourns in Triumph thro' the Sky,
 United to a glorious Throng
 Of Angels, who with a Cœlestial Song,
 Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.

X.

If therefore all must quit the Stage
 When, or how soon we cannot know,

But

But late, or early, we are sure to go,
In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;
We cannot take too sedulous a care.

In this important, grand Affair;
For as we dye, we must remain,
Hereafter all our hopes are vain
To make our Peace with Heaven, or to return
again;

The Heathen, who no better understood,
Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd
No future Miseries could be prepar'd
For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good;
But if there were a State of Rest,
They should with the same happiness be blest
As the Immortal Gods, (if Gods there were)
possess.

We have the promise of Eternal Truth,
They who live well, and pious Paths pursue,
To Man, and to their Maker true,
Let'm expire in Age or Youth,

Age or Youth can never miss
Their way to Everlasting Bliss :
But from a World of Misery and Care
To Mansions of eternal Ease repair ;
Where Joy in full perfection flows ;
And in an endless Circle move
Thro' the vast Round of Beatific Love,
Which no Cessation knows.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

Fate of *CAPUA*.

By the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esq;

OUR Bard 'resolv'd to quit this wicked
Town,

And all Poetick Offices lay down;

But the weak Brother was drawn in again,

And a Cast Mistress tempted him to Sin.

Thus many a Cautious Gallant in this Throng,

May Wed when Old, whom they Debauch'd

when Young.

E e

Thus

434 *Prologue to the Fate of Capua.*

Thus the repenting Fair Ones vow in vain,
From Cards, from Love, from Scandal to refrain;
For *Easter* over, they relapse again.

To Write well's hard, but I appeal to y'all,
Is't not much harder not to Write at all.

Some Men must Write, for Writing's their Disease,
And every Poet's sure one Man to please.
Some meddling Coxcombs, rather than sit still,
And perfectly do nothing, must do ill.

Some are with busy Dulness so o're run,
They seem design'd by Heav'n to teaze the Town.
Yet when these Fools have spawn'd some sickly
Play,

We have so many greater Fools than they,
They'l pack a crowded Audience the Third Day.

This Poet has no sly Inveigling Arts;

He'l try to gain, but he'l not steal your Hearts.
His Muse is Rustick, and perhaps too plain,
The Men of squeamish Tastes to entertain :

Who

Prologue to the Fate of Capua. 435

Who none but Dutcheffes will daign to toast,
And Favours only from Front Boxes boast.
That's all Grimace, when Appetites are good,
Be the Drefs course, the Air and Manners
rude,
You can take up with wholsom Flesh and
Blood.

But he despairs of pleasing all the Nation,
Tis so debauch'd with Whims of Reformation.
H'as done his best; here is no Wanton Scene
To give the Wicked Joy, the Godly Spleen :
Not one poor Bawdy Jest shall dare appear;
For now the batter'd Veteran Strumpets here,
Pretend at least to bring a modest Ear.
Here is some Love, 'tis true, some Noise, some War,
Enough to please the *Belles*, the *Beaus* to scare.
Some bustling Patriots too, some Rabble-rout,
And Senators of the Weak-side thrown out.

436 *Prologue to the Fate of Capua.*

But in all this, here's nothing can Offend;
Nothing to lose an ancient midnight Friend;
He hopes'then, when his Cause comes on, they'l
all attend.

Let Critick Foes remember 'tis past, *Lent,*
And all Good Christians Curses then were spent.

EPILOGUE,

By Collonel Codrington.

POets fine Titles for Themselves may find
 I think'm the Fool-mongers of Mankind.
 The Charitabie Quacks indeed pretend
 They Trade in Fools only those Fools to mend:
 Yet they would scarce the nauseous task endure,
 But that, like *Bedlam*-Doctors, they are sure
 To get by shewing Fools they cannot Cure.
 Equal in this, all Plays must be confest;
 Fool is the Fav'rite Dish of the whole Feast.
 In Farce the Wit's a Fool, or Fool's a Wit;
 In Comedy, the Beau pretends a Right.
 But Tragick Writers still agree to Plot,
 The greatest Hero, for the greatest Sot.

Our Bard, t'indulge your Taste with vast delight,

Serv'd up a Senate full of Fools to Night.

Some bustled hard for *Hannibal*, and some

Wou'd venture all the Brains they had for *Rome*.

Thus fighting Fools support ambitious Knaves;

Whoe'er prevail'd, the *Capuans* still were Slaves.

Our Pair of Friends shine far above the rest,

With double share of Fool and Hero blest.

Our Lover wou'd not tempt the Lady's Honour;

Yet had he boldly push'd, and fairly won her.

You'll all allow he wou'd less harm have done her.

Joys well contriv'd, are had at easier Price;

Thank Heav'n, our *British* Friends are not so nice.

Our most important Fool is still behind;

The Man was Marry'd, Sirs, and Sick in Mind

'Twas a meer Whim of Honour cost his Life;

The squeamish *Capuan* wou'd not share his Wife,

Why, Wives are Wives, and he that will be billing,

Must not think Cuckoldom deserves a killing.

What

What if the gentle Creature had been Kissing,
Nothing the Good Man marry'd for was missing:
Besides, the Rights of Ladies Sacred are ;
He shou'd have been content with Neighbour's
fare.

But she, by her coy Gallant's Crime was good;
And was not Won, because she was not Woo'd.
Had he the Secret of his Birth-right known,
'Tis odds the faithful Annals wou'd have shown,
The Wives of half his Race, more luckier than
his own.

A N
ANACRONTIQUE
FROM THE
GREEK of *MENAG E*.

O Nce at a Ball young *Cupid* spy'd
The flower of Youth and Beauties pride
Divine *Corinna*; in whose Face,
Smiles every Charm, and every Grace.
He saw the Fair, he run, he flew,
And round her Snowy Neck he threw
His Arms, and cry'd with eager joy
Kiss, Mother, kiss thy dearest Boy :
Corinna, who was chaste as fair,
The name of *Mother* blush'd to hear.

And

An ANACREONTIQUE. 441

And *Virgin Modesty* betray'd

The small mistake her *Charms* had made.

The little God being vex'd to find

Himself mistaken, and thought blind,

Blush'd too; I saw his sparkling eyes,

And in his Cheeks the colour rise.

Thou should'st not thus uneasie be,

But glad that thou so well can'st see:

'Tis *He* young *Cupid*, *He* is blind,

Who can't this *plain resemblance* find.

But *truly* to *discern* between

Corinna and the *Cyprian Queen*;

They're both so equally Divine,

Requires a nicer Eye than *Thine*.

FROM

FROM THE
Greek of *MENAGÉ*.

WHen thro' the streets the *Paphian* Goddess
run,

And cry'd the fugitive, her darling Son;

A *kiss* was the reward to be bestow'd,

More sweet than *Nectar*, or *Ambrosial* Food.

Your Son, the Fugitive you seek, is here,

Within my Breast is hid the Wanderer :

Give me, kind Goddess, give the *charming kiss*,

Or bid fair *Celia*, and improve the Bliss.

TO

TO
A M E S T R I S:
 WITH THE
Ambitious Step-Mother.

CAN you forgive me, gentle Fair,
 For the hard Part I made you wear ?
 For hastning Death ere you had try'd,
 The Pleasures of a Wishing-Bride.
 Touch'd to the Quick, Wit's Judges cry,
 She is too good, too fair to dye;
 And the strong Concern discovers,
 That every Critick is a Lover.
 Oh ! think I have a Heart like them,
 That melts at the Resistless Flame :
 With them I own, that Age and Care
 Should plow no Furrows in the Fair :

That

That you should ne'er grow old, nor dye,
But know Eternity of Joy.

That Springing Youth, and Rosy Bloom,
Should always be, and be to come:

Like them I know you form'd to bless
Some Amorous Youth to vast Excess;

To Sigh and Murmur while he presses,
While with Fury he possesses:

To give the happy, happy Swain
Pleasure so fierce, it's almost Pain.

All this and more I sadly knew,

That all these Charms, this Heav'nly You,
Fate for some other did design,

Nor ever, ever could be mine.

Die then I said, *Amestris* die,

Let all the rest be curs'd as I.

De La Fontain's

HANS CARVEL

Imitated.

H*Ans Carvel, Impotent and Old,*
 Married a Lass of *London* Mould;
 Handsome enough, extreamly Gay,
 Lov'd Musick, Company, and Play.
 High Flights she had, and Wit at Will;
 And so her Tongue lay seldom Still:
 For in all Visits, who but she,
 To Argue, or to Repartee?
 Se made it plain, that Human Passion
 Was order'd by Predestination:
 That if weak Woman went astray,
 Their Stars were more in fault than they.

Whole

446 De la Fontain's *Hans Carvel*.

Whole Tragedies she had by Heart,

Enter'd into *Roxana*'s Part.

To spill a Hated Rival's Blood,

The Action certainly was good:

But like a Vine, young *Ammon* curl'd;

Oh! That dear Conqueror of the World!

She pitied *Betterton* in Age

That Ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She first of all the Town was told,

Where newest *India* Things were sold;

So in a Morning, without Bodice,

Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Tody*'s,

To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen;

What else in Gods name could she mean?

For to prevent the least Reproach,

Betty went with her in the Coach.

But when no very great Affair

Excited her peculiar Care,

She

De la Fontain's *Hans Carvel*. 447

She without fail was wak'd at Ten,
Drank Chocolate, then slept again.
At Twelve she rose, with much ado
Her Cloaths were hudl'd on by Two.
Then, Does my Lady dine at home?
Yes Sure---but is the Collonel come?
Next how to spend the Afternoon,
And not come home again too soon:
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day.
A Turn in Summer to *Hyde-Park*,
When it grew tollerably dark.

Wives Pleasure causes Husbands Pain,
Strange Fancy's come in *Hans's* Brain :
He thought of what he did not name;
And wou'd reform, but durst not blame ;
At first he therefore preach'd to's Wife
The Comforts of a Pious Life ;

Told

448 De la Fontain's *Hans Carvel*.

Told her how transient Beauty was,
 That all must dye, and Flesh was Grass.
 He bought her Sermons, Psalms, and Graces,
 And doubled down the Useful Places :
 But still the weight of worldly Cares
 Allow'd her little time for Prayers.
 And *Cleopatra* was read o're,
 While *Sc--t* and *Wake*, and Twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Lay unmolested on the Shelf.
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toiler,
 No fear that Thumb of hers should spoil it :
 In short, the Trade was still the same
 The Dame went out, the Collonel came.
 What's to be done, poor *Carvel* cry'd ?
 Another Batt'ry must be try'd.
 What if to Spells I had recourse ;
 'Tis but to hinder something worse :
 The End must justify the Means ;
 He only sins, who still intends.

Since

Since therefore 'tis to combat Evil,
Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For name him, and he's always near,)
Not in the Shape in which he plies
At Miss's Elbow when she lies,
Or stands before the Nurs'ry-doors,
To take the naughty Boy that roars ;
But without Sawcer-Eye or Claw,
Like a great Barrister at Law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
The Devil says—I bring relief.
Relief, says *Hans* ; pray let me crave
Your Name, Sir--Satan, Sir, your Slave :
I did not look upon your Feet ;
You'll pardon me--Ay, now I see't.
And pray Sir, when came you from Hell ?
Our Friends there , did you leave 'em well ?

450 De la Fontain's *Hans Carvel*.

All well---But prithee Honest *Hans*,
Says Satan, leave your Complaisance.
The Truth is this, I cannot stay
Flaring in Sun shine all the day :
For *entre nous* , we Hellish Sprites,
Love more the Fresco of the Nights :
And oftner our Receipts convey ,
In Dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a Friend,
Ere Morning dawns, your Fears shall end.
Go then this Evening, Master *Carvel*,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel :
Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care,
Whilst I the great Receipt prepare.
To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;
Believe, for once, what Satan saith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little,
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle.

Invited

De la Fontain's *Hans Carvel*. 451

Invited Friends some half a dozen,
The Collonel and my Lady's Cozen.
The Meat was serv'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
Catches were sung, and Healths went round.
Modish *Ratasia* for the Close,
Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose.
The Collonel toasted to the *Best*;
The Dame went off to be undrest.
The Chimes went Twelve, the Guests withdrew,
But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
Some Modern Anecdotes aver
He nodded in his Elbow Chair.
From thence was carry'd off to bed,
John held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
My Lady was disturb'd: new Sorrow!
Which *Hans* must answer for to morrow.

In Bed then view the Happy Pair,
And think how *Hymen* triumph'd there.

452 De la Fontain's *Hans Carvel*.

Hans fast asleep, as soon as laid,
The Duty of the Night unpaid,
The waking Dame with Thought oppress'd,
That made her hate both him, and rest.
By such a Husband, such a Wife,
'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimia's* Life.
The Lady sigh'd, the Lover snor'd,
The punctual Devil kept his word,
Appear'd to Honest *Hans* again,
(But not at all by Madam seen)
And giving him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King.
Dear *Hans*, said he, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's sake;
'Twill do your business to a Hair,
For long as you this Ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.
Hans took the Ring with Joy extream,
(All this was only in a Dream)

And

And thrusting it beyond the Joint,
'Tis done he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point.
What Point, said she, you ugly Beast ?
You neither give me Joy nor Rest.
'Tis done — What's done, you drunken Bear ?
You've thrust your Finger G--d knows where.

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